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MORNINGS IN SPRING.

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TO

HIS CHILDREN

THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR AFFECTIONATE FATHER,

NATHAN DRAKE.

Hadleigh, Suffolk.
April, 1827.

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MORNINGS IN SPRING.

No. I.

Sweet Spring, in vest of emerald hue,
With daisy buds embroider'd fair,
Calls the gray sky-lark to renew
Her morning carols, high in air.

Soul of the world! thy cheering rays
Bid my full heart with transport burn!
Again on Nature's charms I gaze,
And youth's delightful days return.

LEYDEN.

THE sensations with which, during every stage of our existence, we contemplate the *Return of Spring*, are amongst the most delightful which can animate the human breast. Nearly the whole vegetable, and a great part of the minute animal world, have for weeks and months lain buried beneath the darkness and desolation of winter; we have from day to day looked abroad, and beheld nothing but torpor and sterility on the face of the earth: scarcely a vestige

of what had once clothed the hill and the valley with beauty is to be discovered; and it would appear almost as if the pulse of life stood still.

Yet a little while and a miracle the most stupendous bursts upon our view: Nature seems again, as in the primal hour of her existence, to start into life and splendor; for the word of her Creator has gone forth, and light, and heat, and animation are once more diffusing their blessings through air, and earth, and water. The sun, that secondary fountain of being, has awakened like a giant refreshed from his slumber; and "the desert and the solitary place is glad, and the wilderness springs and blossoms as the rose." There seems to be, as it were, a resurrection from all the chambers of the dead, and not a breeze is wafted to us but brings on its renovating wings millions of new awakened creatures, to people and enjoy every element around us.

But it is more especially to the heart of man that this annual revivescence of the world around him opens a source of inexhaustible gratitude and praise; for not only, in common with the inferior tribes of being, does he feel the vital spirit of renewal breathing fresh life and vigour through his frame, but he acknowledges it also to be the season when most power-

fully and impressively the goodness and benevolence of the Deity are seen through all his works, and when, in tones of endearment not to be resisted, he speaks more directly to the moral and intellectual part of his creation. It is in Spring, in fact, whilst all that lives is rejoicing, when not only the fig-tree and the vine have put on their promise, but one general song of bliss and harmony is ascending to heaven, that our hearts kindle with the love of nature, and respond to the noblest promptings of philanthropy; that we most intimately feel our relationship with the great family of the Father of all things; and that we best learn to associate his image and his attributes with all that, in the boundless beneficence of his will, he has called into being and enjoyment.

To those on whom life, with all its loveliest tints of promise, is just opening, Spring comes with a peculiar congeniality of aspect and feeling. There is, indeed, between the youth of the year, and the youth of human life, a similitude the most striking; both are, in fact, the peculiar season of gaiety and hope, and both appear vested, as it were, in paradisaical beauty, and fresh from the hands of their Creator. It is, consequently, at this interesting period of our earthly

pilgrimage, when, whilst every sense is stimulated by the charm of novelty, and every pulse thrills with innocent delight, when we are yet looking forward with an unchilled imagination which paints goodness and happiness as the general lot of mortality, that the heart, as yet uncontaminated by any admixture with a guilty world, joins its purest homage to that which universal nature, during the spring-tide of the year, seems more especially offering up at the throne of the Deity; a homage which at no after period of time can, with man, be equally sinless and unpolluted; and which is, indeed, peculiarly and almost exclusively the property and the privilege of our youthful days.

To those youthful days with what avidity do we turn in the subsequent portion of our career, when the toils, and cares, and passions of *manhood* have involved us in a vortex of business and ambition. More intensely, however, are we reminded of the innocent enjoyments of opening life, when the season of the primrose and the lark revisits our dwellings. It is then we look back on the similar season of our existence with associations and feelings which, though mingled with some sensations of regret, are yet singularly soothing and delightful; and more

particularly do we revert, during this retrospection, to that spot

Where Spring its earliest visit paid;

for, as hath been beautifully said, "there are no remembrances like those of our youth. The heart, crushed or hardened by its intercourse with the world, turns with affectionate delight to its early dreams. How we pity those whose childhood has been unhappy! To them one of the sweetest springs of feeling has been utterly denied; the most green and beautiful part of life laid waste. But to those whose spring has been what spring should ever be, fresh, buoyant, and gladsome, whose cup has not been poisoned at the first draught, how delicious is recollection! they truly know the pleasures of memory *."

If, on the minds of those who are midway on their journey through the valley of life, the return of Spring comes associated, as if by an indissoluble catenation, with the endearing pictures of childhood and opening youth, with perhaps yet greater power of impression does it call up the recollections of early

* Improvisatrice, p. 193.

happiness and simplicity in the bosoms of the *aged*. It is, indeed, one of the characteristics of those advanced in life, that whilst the events of the noontide and evening of their days, and even the occurrences of the preceding week, are often buried in utter oblivion, or remembered but faintly and indistinctly, such has been the strength, such the indelible nature of the imagery which has accompanied the morning of their existence, that the features of that happy period, when the heart was guileless, and the mind unsullied, rise up again with a freshness and vividity of colouring that rival the tenderest hues of Spring, and place before the pilgrim, laden with the snows of time, a fairy vision of remembered bliss, regions of green pastures and still waters, rendered still more bright and lovely by the contrasting darkness which surrounds them *.

* I must here be allowed to quote a short passage from a little volume published at Derby, and sold by Longman and Co. London, in 1823, and entitled "Essays and Sketches in Prose. By George Miller, jun., author of Stanzas written on a Summer's Evening, and other Poems." The poems alluded to in the title-page I have not seen; but I can truly say, that the Essays are valuable alike for the purity of their sentiments and the beauty of their style. There is, indeed, a sweetness and tenderness of thought about them which cannot fail to endear their pages to every reader, and I feel peculiar pleasure

Nor, even where memory serves in old age to recall the entire tissue of past events, how seldom is the picture of our opening days made less dear and interesting to us by recollected scenes of subsequent innocence and enjoyment! It is then, indeed, that too frequently an appalling contrariety

in bearing this testimony to their literary and moral excellence. The passage to which I allude is in perfect accordance with the subject of my present paper. The author is speaking of infancy as "the sunshine of our existence," and he then adds, "If there be one topic upon which the aged love to dwell more than another, it is this: With what enthusiastic glee will they repeat the actions of their earlier years! Who has not seen the faded eye lighted up with a new lustre, and the withered cheek overspread with a momentary glow, at the mention of some infant-deed which they well remember? and how firmly attached are they to the place where they first began their youthful sports.—The sun in other lands may shine as bright, but it does not rise over the little hill, nor set behind the green wood, where, in infancy, we were wont to view it. The sky, in a distant province, may appear studded with as many stars, but it is not so dear to us as when we gazed upon it from the footpath by our native cottage. Even the old gate, which opens into the small garden, has a sacredness about it which we love to cherish; and although some cold calculating philosophers may laugh, and tell us that it is only composed of a few pieces of wood, yet we can smile in return, since we have truth and reason, and the holiest of feelings on our side."

is formed between the passions and vices of maturer life, and the calm and simple happiness of the spring-time of our years; and, striving to forget the intermediate stages of guilt and folly, we fix our eyes with a deep yet melancholy delight on that portion of our being when the breath of Heaven seemed to blow around us with hope and rapture on its wings, and awakened in our youthful hearts the purest love of nature and of nature's God. We may, indeed, adopt the language of one whose peace of mind was unhappily altogether limited to the brief period of his childhood, and, addressing the aged of the earth, exclaim

Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble Veterans of some former throng;
Whose friends, like Autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept for ever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care, as yet, withheld her venom'd tooth:
Say, if Remembrance days like these endears,
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can Ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm, to soothe your hours of woe?
Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son,
Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,
Can stars, or ermine, man's maturer toys,
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys)

Recall one scene, so much beloved to view,
As those, when youth her garland twined for you?
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age,
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page,
Peruse the record of your days on earth,
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;
Still, lingering, pause above each chequer'd leaf,
And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtues sigh'd a faint adieu;
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Traced by the rosy finger of the Morn;
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of Truth,
And Love, without his pinions, smiled on Youth.

BYRON.

There is yet, to those who rest their hopes upon a better world, another consolation from the return of Spring, which he, alas! whose lines I have just now quoted, there is reason to be apprehensive never knew. For not only is the renewal of the year associated in their minds with the spring of life, when all was comparative purity and joy, but they are led by an analogy the most strict and satisfactory to look onwards to that changeless Spring which beams beyond the confines of mortality, to that resurrection of the body from the insensate mansions of the grave, which will not only restore us to the society of those whom best we loved on

earth, but will place us in the immediate presence of *One* in whom "there is no variableness nor shadow of turning," and who, on the renovation of our being, has assured to us an ever-during exemption from vicissitude and decay.

Such are a few of the many *moral* analogies which the *return of spring* is fitted to suggest to *youth*, and *manhood*, and *old age;* but should we pass beyond this field of similitude, various, and almost innumerable, are the associations which the mornings of this delightful season might usher to the mind; and among these, none, after due precedence has been given to topics of a weightier nature, can in these volumes more appropriately find a place than those which are blended with a cursory retrospection of the favourite studies of our juvenile days, and, by a further closely-connected analogy, with the infancy or day-spring of our country's literature, and the simple, but impressive and romantic features of former times.

It will be the business, therefore, of the following papers, after slightly touching on the first of these topics, as forming not unfrequently the very cast and colour of our subsequent literary career, to select from the ample stores of English history and

biography a picture illustrative of a portion of our days of yore, as well in a domestic as a public light; to offer a few critical remarks on three or four of the earliest and most eminent cultivators of our language and literature, as well as to bring forward one or two neglected poets who have, towards the close of the last century, endeavoured to recall the attention of the public to topics connected with our elder annals and poesy; in doing which, I shall gladly seize every opportunity which the subject will admit, for the introduction of short but, I trust, interesting sketches of the character, costume, and incidents of times long gone by, the youth and spring-tide, as it were, of our national existence.

I close this first number of my work with a metrical delineation of some of the sentiments and imagery which have already been given in the humbler garb of prose, merely adding, that the second of the following sonnets was suggested since the earlier part of this paper was written, by the unexpected and lamented death of a beloved brother.

SONNET.

REMINISCENCES OF SPRING.

Alas! for those whose life at opening morn
No type hath shown of Nature's smiling spring,

Whose childhood, spreading its light azure wing,
Hath felt rude blight, and droop'd at once forlorn!
For oh, how sweet, whilst vernal breezes borne
From bud and flower their gladsome odours fling,
Of early and of happy days to sing,
When all was fresh, and joy without a thorn:
And sweeter still, if mid life's closing hours,
When time hath turn'd our once dark tresses gray,
Loved children bloom around the parent bowers,
Laughing and blithe and innocently gay,
Eager to blend their buoyant thoughts with ours,
And chase the sorrows of the world away!

SONNET.

A SECOND AND GREATER SPRING.

Our spring of life! How sweet, how passing sweet,
Together did we spend that season dear,
My brother! And since, for many a year,
How seldom hath it been our chance to meet!
And now hath Death, insatiable and fleet,
Thy course arresting in its bright career,
Placed thee lamented on a timeless bier,
And seal'd our parting in this world complete!
Yet shall we meet again, I fondly trust,
Where pain and grief shall know no second birth,
To hail that greater spring which waits the just,
Mid friends beloved on this dim speck of earth,
And where, near streams that vital freshness give,
The pure in heart shall see their God and live!

No. II.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium, ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.—CICERO.

These studies afford nourishment to our youth, delight our old age, adorn prosperity, supply a refuge and solace in adversity, are a constant source of pleasure at home, are no impediment while abroad, attend us in the night-season, and accompany us in our travels and retirements.—KNOX.

THERE are no retrospections, perhaps, more delightful than those which spring from a review of the feelings and pleasures which accompanied our first voluntary excursions into the fields of literature, when life was new, and all things fresh around us. If the process of education itself, compulsory as, in its primary steps, it necessarily must be during the years of childhood, soon bring with it excitements and gratifications of no ordinary interest, and which, in after life, are often remembered with peculiar complacency; with what augmented satisfaction must we recur to that period of our youthful days, when, having surmounted the first formidable dif-

ficulties which obstruct the avenues to learning, the world of intellect bursts upon us with all the intoxication of novelty, with a charm and vigour of impression which, as long as memory shall last, no subsequent events, nor even the pressure of age, can obliterate; and which, indeed, it is our wish and dearest employ to recollect and cherish.

It is, in fact, to this portion of our being, to this green oasis, as it were, in the journey of existence, that we generally turn for the very foundation of what has since constituted our character and modes of thinking through mature and even advanced years. More especially at this critical epoch is the literary bias formed for life, when the mind, just beginning to emerge from the discipline of the schools, is free to make her own election, and with imagination unchecked as her companion, ranges at will through the ever-varying scenery of what may be termed an intellectual paradise.

Most vividly, indeed, do I yet recollect the exquisite pleasure which, at this era of my early life, I felt in the liberty then first allowed me of choosing from the stores both of classical and vernacular literature whatever best suited my taste and inclinations; and with what rapture, in the latter branch, I

hung over the pages of Spenser, Milton, Thomson, and Gray; and from the treasures of the former, how dear to me, notwithstanding the difficulties which had accompanied the efforts to master their language, were the Georgics of Virgil, and the Epistles of Pliny.

I am acquainted, indeed, with no book in the whole range of Roman literature better calculated, in every point of view, to excite and keep alive in the breasts of the young and ingenuous an exalted love for virtue, and an ardent spirit of literary enthusiasm, than the letters of the younger Pliny. The moral character of this accomplished patrician, estimating it, as in charity we ought to do, not by a comparison with the Christian standard, but with that which then constituted the general tone and colour of the best informed society in the heathen world, was, we may venture to say, nearly perfect. It would appear, in truth, from all that can be inferred, either from his own works or the testimony of his contemporaries, that in all the relations of life, public or private, social or domestic, he was alike the benefactor of his country and of his friends, as well privately, indeed, as professionally, the stay of the helpless, and the vindicator of the oppressed. There

is, in short, scarcely an epistle in the collection which, notwithstanding some occasional instances of display and self-complacency, does not, either directly or indirectly, impress us with a conviction of the great goodness and benevolence of the writer's heart; with an assurance, in fact, as firm and undoubting as must have fallen to the lot of any one of his contemporaries, that the influence, the eloquence, and the property of Pliny, were resources on which indigent genius and portionless virtue could always rely.

If we now turn from the moral to the literary features of Pliny, the topic to which, in illustration of the happy influence of an early-acquired love for letters, I shall devote the residue of this paper, a fresh field for esteem and admiration is opened before us; for it was invariably the wish and the endeavour of this amiable man to excite in others, and especially in the rising generation, the same pure taste for and ardent thirst of literature, which animated his own bosom. It is this feature predominating throughout the greater part of his epistles which has given to their perusal so peculiar a charm, a zest and flavour, indeed, no where else discoverable amongst the writings of the ancients in an equally poignant degree.

Thinking then, as I avowedly do, that it is scarcely possible for the young and educated mind to become acquainted with these pleasing productions without imbibing from them a passion for letters which shall last through life, I have often been surprised at finding them so little known and taught in our public schools, where, assuredly, their influence could never altogether fail in ameliorating either the head or heart. I can hardly imagine, indeed, any apathy of intellect in early life, short of that arising from defective organization, which could be totally proof against the delightful spirit of enthusiasm which, on subjects at least connected with literature and the fine arts, breathes throughout these epistles.

Nor are they less calculated to awaken in those whom business or dissipation may have long and almost exclusively absorbed a renewed appetite for literary pleasures and occupations; so fascinating are their style and manner, and with such persuasive eloquence do they plead for pursuits of which it may with truth be said, that whether embraced in youth, or manhood, or old age, they indisputably form one of the most permanent and unalloyed sources of human happiness.

With such an estimate as I have now brought

forward as to the value and tendency of the writings of the younger Pliny, and after such endearing reminiscences of early life as I have acknowledged to be, in my own case, indissolubly associated with them, it will excite no surprise in my reader, should I wish to incorporate with my volumes a few favourite passages from these epistles on the subject of literary taste and enjoyment; more especially as, I again repeat, I think it scarcely probable that any one can study them without catching, for a time at least, on such topics, the devoted attachment of their author; an attachment which, just in proportion as it shall prove permanent, must, I am persuaded, be considered as a blessing.

In giving these extracts I shall annex, with the view of accommodating those who may not be perfectly at home as to the language of the Roman, the translation of Mr. Melmoth. It is one of great elegance and beauty, and exhibits at the same time no small portion of epistolary ease and freedom; but it frequently deviates from the character of the original in being too diffuse, a result which was scarcely to be expected from one who has told us in his Preface, that "what a celebrated ancient has observed concerning the style of the famous Grecian

painter, Timanthes, is extremely applicable to that of Pliny, "*intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur*; his meaning is generally much fuller than his expression." It should, however, in justice be added, that whilst the sense of his original has been correctly preserved, Mr. Melmoth has adopted a style which, though not altogether in unison with that of the model before him, is perhaps even better adapted to epistolary composition than the terse and concentrated diction which that model presented.

From these preliminary observations I now turn to select such instances as will, I have no doubt, substantiate the character which I have given of the general tendency and bearing of the writings of Pliny. The first is taken from the third letter in the collection addressed to *Caninius Rufus*, who appears, from the close of it, to have been a man of genius and learning, but somewhat too diffident of his own abilities.

"Quid agit Comum tuæ, meæque deliciæ? quid suburbanum amœnissimum? quid illa porticus, verna semper? quid πλατανων opacissimus? quid Euripus viridis, et gemmeus? quid subjectus, et serviens lacus? quid illa mollis, et tamen solida gestatio? quid balneum illud, quod plurimus sol implet et

circumit? quid triclinia illa popularia? quid illa paucorum? quid cubicula diurna nocturnaque? possidentne te, et per vices partiuntur? an, ut solebas, intentione rei familiaris obeundæ, crebris excursionibus avocaris: si te possident, felix beatusque es: sin minus, unus ex multis. Quin tu (tempus est enim) humiles et sordidas curas aliis mandas: et ipse te in altò isto pinguique secessu studiis ad sèris. Hoc sit negocium tuum, hoc ocium, hic labor, hæc quies, in his vigilia, in his etiam somnus reponatur. Effinge aliquid et excude, quod sit perpetuo tuum. Nam reliqua rerum tuarum post te alium atque alium dominum sortientur: hoc nunquam tuum desinet esse, si semel cœperit. Scio, quem animum, quod horter ingenium. Tu modo enitere, ut tibi ipse sis tanti, quanti videberis aliis, si tibi fueris. Vale."

"How stands Comum *, that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree-walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake†

* The city where Pliny was born.

† The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated: this noble lake is not less than fifty miles in length, from three to six in breadth, and from forty to six hundred feet in depth.

below, which serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm yet soft gestatio*, the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night†? Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do the affairs of the world, as usual, call him frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are happy: if not, you are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend (for certainly it is high time), the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and for ever your own. All your other possessions

* A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercising either on horseback or in their vehicles; it was generally contiguous to their gardens, and laid out in the form of a circus.

† It was customary among the Romans to sleep in the middle of the day, and they had distinct apartments for that purpose.

will pass on from one master to another: *this* alone, when once it is yours, will remain yours for ever. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewell."

Comum, of which Pliny speaks in this letter with so much fondness, *tuæ, meæque deliciæ,* has borne and still bears, in fact, ample and grateful testimony to the virtues and munificence of its celebrated citizen. Nothing, indeed, can more decisively prove that the life of Pliny was in perfect correspondence with the tenor of his writings, than the fact, that he was not only the cherished and familiar friend of the first and wisest of his day, of Trajan, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Quintilian, but an object of love and veneration to every rank and class of his contemporaries. The inhabitants of Comum, more especially, had every motive for their affection, for he founded a school in their city, and liberally endowed it *; he established a fund for the support of their free children; he built a temple to receive the busts

* Lib. iv. Epist. 13.

of the emperors which he had previously given to them *, and he erected in their ancient temple of Jupiter a statue of Corinthian brass of the most masterly execution, *dignum templo, dignum Deo donum* †. The gratitude of Comum has, as we have hinted above, descended to the present day; for we are told that in the front of their present elegant Gothic cathedral "there is a statue of Pliny, with basso relievos alluding to his writings; and on each side of the grand entrance is an inscription in his honour ‡."

It would appear from the letter just quoted, that Pliny, like his uncle, coveted nothing so much as the opportunity of literary retirement; and that, despising the allurements of vulgar popularity and common-place ambition, his views of immortality were exclusively built on the cultivation of his intellectual powers, on the hope of surviving in his writings to distant ages, and of becoming, through their medium, the instructor and benefactor of his species. We need not wonder, therefore, that to a mind thus nobly and rationally engaged, the ordinary business of life should seem what, in fact, it too ge-

* Lib. x. Ep. 24. † Lib. iii. Ep. 6.

‡ Eustace's Classical Tour, 4to edition, vol. ii. p. 364.

nerally is, especially on a retrospective glance, a series of impertinent trifles; nor that the following letter, whilst it paints with its author's characteristic but delightful enthusiasm the enjoyments of a studious retreat, should hold not only the pleasures, but even the graver occupations of a dissipated capital in contempt.

" C. PLINIUS MINUTIO FUNDANO SUO S.

" Mirum est, quam singulis diebus in urbe ratio aut constet, aut constare videatur, pluribus cunctisque non constet. Nam, si quem interroges, 'hodie quid egisti?' respondeat, 'officio togæ virilis interfui; sponsalia aut nuptias frequentavi; ille me ad signandum testamentum; ille in advocationem, ille in consilium rogavit.' Hæc quo die feceris, necessaria; eadem si quotidie fecisse te reputes, inania videntur: multo magis cum secesseris. Tunc enim subit recordatio, quot dies, quam frigidis rebus absumsi? quod evenit mihi postquam in Laurentino meo aut lego aliquid, aut scribo, aut etiam corpori vaco, cujus fulturis animus sustinetur. Nihil audio, quod audisse, nihil dico quod dixisse pœniteat. Nemo apud me quemquam sinistris sermonibus carpit: neminem ipse reprehendo, nisi unum me,

cum parum commode scribo: nulla spe, nullo timore sollicitor, nullis rumoribus inquietur, mecum tantum et cum libellis loquor. Rectam sinceramque vitam! dulce ocium honestumque, ac pæne omni negotio pulchrius! O mare! O littus, verum secretumque μουσειον. Quam multa invenitis, quam multa dictatis? proinde tu quoque strepitum istum, inanemque discursum, et multum ineptes labores, ut primum fuerit occasio, relinque, teque studiis—trade *."

"When one considers how the time passes at Rome, one cannot but be surprised, that take any single day, and it either is, or at least seems to be, spent reasonably enough; and yet, upon casting up the whole sum, the amount will appear quite otherwise. Ask any one how he has been employed today? he will tell you, perhaps, 'I have been at the ceremony of investing the manly robe †; this friend invited me to a wedding; that desired me to attend the hearing of his cause; one begged me to be a witness to his will; another called me to a consulta-

* Lib. i. Epist. 9.

† The Roman youths, at the age of seventeen, changed their habit, and took up the *Toga virilis*, or manly gown, upon which occasion they were conducted by the friends of the family with great ceremony, either into the Forum or Capitol, and there invested with this new robe.

tion.' These are offices which seem, while one is engaged in them, extremely necessary; and yet, when in the silence of retirement we look back upon the many hours thus employed, we cannot but condemn them as solemn impertinencies. At such a season one is apt to reflect, *How much of my life has been spent in trifles!* At least it is a reflection which frequently comes across me at Laurentinum *, after I have been employing myself in my studies, or even in the necessary care of the animal machine; (for the body must be repaired and supported, if we would preserve the mind in all its vigour). In that peaceful retreat I neither hear nor speak any thing of which I have occasion to repent. I suffer none to repeat to me the whispers of malice; nor do I censure any man, unless myself, when I am dissatisfied with my compositions. There I live undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solicitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! more, perhaps, to be desired than employments of any kind! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, best and most retired scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have you inspired

* The winter-villa of Pliny.

me! Snatch, then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town, with all its very empty pursuits, and devote your days to study."

It must, indeed, to every sober and reflecting mind, appear the height of absurdity, that of an existence so transient as that which has been allotted to our pilgrimage on earth, any portion should be spent in the pursuit of mere trifles. When man, condemned, as with few exceptions he is, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, shall have satisfied those demands which nature imperiously urges upon him for his own support and that of his offspring, how small a part of his brief life remains for the cultivation of those mental powers which seem alone to place him above the beasts that perish! It is enough, however, if seized with avidity and judgment, for every moral and intellectual purpose connected with our being here; and he who places before us any strong incentive towards such an application of it may be justly considered as entitled to our warmest gratitude. With what energy and eloquence the evanescency of human life has been dwelt upon by Pliny, as a motive towards quickening the industry of the literary student, the subsequent passage from a letter to Caninius will abundantly

show. He is describing the death of that ardent admirer of Virgil, Silius Italicus, the last survivor of all those who, during the reign of Nero, had been raised to the consular office; and adds, in allusion to this proof of rapid mortality,

" Quod me recordantem fragilitatis humanæ miseratio subit. Quid enim tam circumcisum, tam breve, quam hominis vita longissima? Annon videtur tibi Nero modo fuisse, cum interim ex his, qui sub illo gesserant consulatum, nemo jam superest? Quanquam quid hoc miror? nuper Lucius Piso, pater Pisonis illius, qui a Valerio Festo per summum facinus Africa occisus est, dicere solebat, 'neminem se videre in senatu, quem COS. ipse sententiam rogavisset,' tam angustis terminis tantæ multitudinis vivacitas ipsa concluditur, ut mihi non venia solum dignæ, verum etiam laudæ, videantur illæ regiæ lacrymæ. Nam ferunt Xerxem, cum immensum exercitum oculis obiisset, illacrymasse, quod tot millibus tam brevis immineret occasus Sed tanto magis hoc, quicquid est temporis futilis et caduci, si non datur factis (nam horum materia in aliena manu), nos certe studiis proferamus: et quatenus nobis denegatur diu vivere, relinquamus aliquid, quo nos vixisse testemur. Scio te stimulis non egere;

me tamen tui caritas evocat, ut currentem quoque instigem, sicut tu soles me. Λγαθὴ δ'ερις, cum invicem se mutuis exhortationibus amici ad amorem immortalitatis exacuunt. Vale *."

" When I consider this circumstance, I cannot forbear lamenting the transitory condition of mankind. Is there any thing in nature so short and limited as human life, even in its most extended period? Does it not seem to you, my friend, but yesterday, that Nero was upon the throne? and yet not one of all those who were consuls in his reign now remains! But why should I wonder at an event so common? Lucius Piso, the father of that Piso who was infamously assassinated by Valerius Festus, in Africa, used to say, he did not see one person in the senate who sat in that house when he was consul: such multitudes are swept away in so short a space! I am, therefore, so far from thinking those tears of Xerxes need any apology, that in my judgment history does honour to his character, which informs us, that when this prince had attentively surveyed his immense army, he could not forbear weeping, from the reflection that so many thousand lives would so soon be extinct. The

* Lib. iii. Epist. 7.

more ardent therefore should our endeavours be to lengthen out this short portion of existence, by acquisitions of glory, if not in the active scenes of life (which is not always in our own power), yet, however, in those of literary occupations; and since it is not granted us to live long, let us transmit to posterity some memorial that we have at least *lived*. I well know you want not any incitement; but the warmth of my affection inclines me to forward you in the course you already pursue; as I have often found myself encouraged in mine by your generous exhortations. How glorious is the contention, when two friends thus strive who shall animate each other most in their pursuits of immortal fame! Farewell."

To live in the esteem and admiration of posterity is, without all doubt, a consummation devoutly to be wished; for it is a result which necessarily implies in him who has attained it virtue and talent of no ordinary kind. The desire, in fact, of protracting the footsteps of our existence beyond the very brief period to which, in the common course of nature, our being on this earthly stage is limited, seems implanted, in a greater or less degree, in every human breast; and, as far as such desire is connected with the ambition of being good as well

as great, merits every possible encouragement. The impulse, however, like every other associated with the free agency of man, is liable to abuse, and it has too often happened, that he who has been unable or unwilling to build his immortality on the gratitude of mankind, has not hesitated to found it on the execration due to splendid crime and desolating power.

Of the various modes to which human ingenuity has had recourse for the perpetuation of a name, no one, either in durability or utility, can rival that which is based on literary eminence. Of empires once wide in their extent, and renowned for wealth and power, scarcely a vestige, save what their literature has preserved, remains behind; nay, the very monuments of gigantic bulk and strength, on which their founders had engraven, as they fondly thought, a record for eternity, have either sank into the dust of which they were composed, or stand nameless and unappropriated, the sepulchres of baffled pride and disappointed ambition. There is also this immense advantage, almost certainly accompanying an immortality founded on intellectual superiority, that it can travel to posterity only for good; for though innumerable productions of a per-

nicious tendency have, in all ages and countries, issued from the pen or press, and for a season have caused extensive mischief, yet has no work decidedly and absolutely immoral, whatever may have been the talent exhibited in its construction, ever reached a distant age. The general sense and well-being of mankind have uniformly interposed to arrest its career, and though buoyed up for a time, perhaps, by intrinsic genius, or extrinsic circumstances, it has, in a century or two at farthest, dropped into deserved oblivion.

No one, perhaps, was ever more avowedly anxious for a perpetuity of fame, resulting from intellectual pursuits, than the younger Pliny; and, amongst the writers of ancient Rome, no one was ever, on the plea of moral tendency, in his life and writings, better entitled to what he wished for. We have already seen pictured in his own emphatic language the almost impassioned enthusiasm of the man in favour of study and literary composition; and in a letter to his friend, Capito, he thus undisguisedly declares the wishes of his heart:

"Suades, ut historiam scribam, et suades non solus: multi hoc me sæpe monuerunt, et ego volò: non quia commode facturum esse confidam (id enim

temere credas, nisi expertus) sed quia mihi pulchrum imprimis videtur, non pati occidere, quibus æternitas debeatur, aliorumque famam cum sua extendere. Me autem nihil æque, ac diuturnitatis amor et cupido sollicitat: res homine dignissimæ, præsertim qui nullius sibi conscius culpæ, posteritatis memoriam non reformidat. Itaque diebus ac noctibus cogito,

——— Si qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo *."

" You are not singular in the advice you give me to undertake the writing of history: it is a work that has been frequently pressed upon me by several others of my friends, and in which I have some thoughts of engaging. Not because I have any confidence of succeeding in this way (it would be presuming upon the event of an experiment which I have never yet made); but because it is a noble employment to rescue from oblivion those who deserve to be eternally remembered, and by extending the reputation of others, to advance at the same time our own. Nothing, I confess, so strongly stimulates my breast as the desire of acquiring a lasting

* Lib. v. Epist. 8.

name—a passion highly worthy of the human heart, especially of his, who, not being conscious of any ill, is not afraid of being known to posterity. It is the continual subject therefore of my thoughts,

By what fair deed I too a name may raise."

Of the few epistles in the collection of Pliny which are addressed to characters whose writings have reached our own times, none are so interesting as those whose superscription bears the name of Tacitus. The intercourse which subsisted between this celebrated historian and our amiable author appears to have been of the most close and confidential kind; and the letter which I am about to quote will prove not only how mutual was their regard from a similarity of disposition and manners, but with what friendly zeal they sustained each other's reputation, and kept up a constant interchange of literary good offices. It is an example which, I regret to say, there is still reason to wish was more closely followed in the republic of letters.

"C. PLINIUS TACITO SUO S.

"Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui adnotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda arbi-

trarer. Nam et ego verum dicere assuevi, et tu libenter audire; neque enim ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. Nunc a te librum meum cum annotationibus tuis expecto. O jucundas! O pulchras vices! quam me delectat, quod si qua posteris cura nostri, usquequaque narrabitur, qua concordia, simplicitate, fide vixerimus. Erit rarum et insigne, duos homines, ætate, dignitate propemodum æquales, nonnullius in literis nominis (cogor enim de te quoque parcius dicere, quia de me simul dico), alterum alterius studia fovisse. Equidem adolescentulus, cum jam tu fama, gloriaque floreres, te sequi tibi longo, sed proximus, intervallo et esse, et haberi concupiscebam. Et erant multa clarissima ingenia, sed tu mihi (ita similitudo naturæ ferebat) maxime imitabilis, maxime imitandus videbaris. Quo magis gaudeo, quod si quis de studiis sermo, una nominamur, quod de te loquentibus statim occurro. Nec desunt, qui utrique nostrum præferantur. Sed nihil interest mea, quo loco jungimur. Nam mihi primus, qui a te proximus; quin etiam in testamentis debes adnotasse (nisi quis forte alterutri nostrûm amicissimus), eadem legata, et quidem pariter accipimus. Quæ omnia huc spectant, ut invicem ardentius dili-

gamus, cum tot vinculis nos studia, mores, fama, suprema denique hominum judicia constringant. Vale *."

" TO TACITUS.

" I have perused your book with all the attention I was master of, and have marked the passages I think should be altered, and those which I am of opinion ought entirely to be thrown out. It is as habitual to me to speak truth, as it is agreeable to you to hear it; and indeed none are more patient of censure than those who have the best claim to applause. I now expect in return your observations upon that treatise of mine which I lately sent you. How agreeable, how noble is such a commerce! and how am I pleased with the thought, that posterity, if it shall at all concern itself with us, will not cease to mention with what harmony, what freedom, what fidelity we lived together! It will be an instance as remarkable as it is uncommon, that two persons nearly of the same age and rank, and of some character in the republic of letters (for since I join myself with you, I am obliged to speak of your merit with reserve), should thus mutually

* Lib. vii. Epist. 20.

assist and promote each other's studies. When I was a very young man, and you in the prime of your glory and reputation, I endeavoured to follow your steps, and was desirous to be considered as next in fame to you,

But next, with many a length between *!

And though there were, at that time, many celebrated geniuses in Rome, yet you of all others appeared to me, not only most worthy to be my model, but from a similitude of our dispositions, most easy for me to copy. It is particularly agreeable to me, therefore, to find, that in all companies where learning is the topic of conversation, we are always mentioned together, and that my name immediately follows yours. It is true, there are some who prefer you to me, as others, on the contrary, give me the advantage; but I am little solicitous in what order we are placed, so that we stand together; for, in my estimation, whoever is next to you must necessarily precede every one else. You even see in wills† (unless in the case of particular friendship to

* Virgil's Æneid, Pitt's translation.

† "It was the peculiar custom of Rome for the clients and dependents of families to bequeath at their death to their patrons some considerable part of their estates, as the most

either of us) we are always equally considered, and that the legacies bequeathed to us are generally the same both in number and value. Since therefore we are thus united by a similitude of studies, manners, reputation, and even testamentary donations, those last instances of the world's good opinion; should not these circumstances tend to inflame us mutually with the most ardent affection? Farewell."

There are few lovers of literature and elegant retirement to whom a description of the manner in which Pliny spent his leisure whilst resident at his summer and winter villas would not be a delineation of high interest and value. Fortunately we are in possession of a draught from his own pencil which

effectual testimony of their respect and gratitude; and the more a man received in this way, the more it redounded to his credit. Thus Cicero mentions it, to the honour of Lucullus, that, while he governed Asia as Proconsul, many great estates were left to him by will. And Nepos tells us, in praise of Atticus, that he succeeded to many inheritances of the same kind, bequeathed to him on no other account than of his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero, when he was falsely reproached by Antony with being neglected on these occasions, declared in his reply, that he had gained from this single article about two hundred thousand pounds."

Middleton's Life of Cicero, vol. ii. p. 514.

places before us this very subject, and, as might be expected, in the most fascinating colours. It is one also which, after the glowing sketches already brought forward of the literary enthusiasm of this accomplished writer, very appropriately completes the picture.

"C. PLINIUS FUSCO SUO S.

"Quæris, quemadmodum in Tuscis diem æstate disponam: evigilo, cum libuit, plerumque circa horam primam, sæpe ante, tardius raro, clausæ fenestræ manent: mire enim silentio, et tenebris animus alitur. Ab iis, quæ avocant, abductus, et liber, et mihi relictus, non oculos animo, sed animum oculis sequor, qui eadem quæ mens vident, quoties non vident alia. Cogito si quid in manibus, cogito ad verbum scribenti emendantique similis: nunc pauciora, nunc plura, ut vel difficile, vel facile componi, tenerive potuerunt. Notarium voco, et, die admisso, quæ formaveram, dicto; abit, rursusque revocatur, rursusque remittitur. Ubi hora quarta vel quinta (neque enim certum, dimensumque tempus): ut dies suasit, in xystum me, vel cryptoporticum confero, reliqua meditor, et dicto, vehiculum ascendo. Ibi quoque idem, quod ambulans aut jacens. Durat

intentio, mutatione ipsa refecta: paulum redormio, dein ambulo, mox orationem Græcam Latinamve clare et intente, non tam vocis causa, quam stomachi, lego: pariter tamen et illa firmatur. Iterum ambulo, ungor, exerceor, lavor. Cœnanti mihi sic cum uxore vel paucis, liber legitur, post cœnam comœdus, aut lyristes: mox cum meis ambulo, quorum in numero sunt eruditi. Ita variis sermonibus vespera extenditur, et quanquam longissimus dies, cito conditur. Non numquam ex hoc ordine aliqua mutantur: nam si diu jacui, vel ambulavi, post somnum demum lectionemque, non vehiculo, sed quod brevius, quia velocius, equo gestor. Interveniunt amici ex proximis oppidis, partemque diei ad se trahunt, interdumque lassato mihi, opportuna interpellatione subveniunt. Venor aliquando, sed non sine pugillaribus, ut quamvis nihil ceperim, non nihil referam. Datur et colonis, ut videtur ipsis, non satis temporis, quorum mihi agrestes querelæ literas nostras, et hæc urbana opera commendant. Vale *."

"TO FUSCUS.

"You desire to know in what manner I dispose

* Lib. ix. Epist. 36.

of my time in my summer villa at Tuscum. I rise just when I find myself in the humour, though generally with the sun; sometimes, indeed, sooner, but seldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber-windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts, nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind: by these means they are not distracted with a multiplicity of external objects, and see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I revise and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less, as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find my memory able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have composed; after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk

upon my terrace, or in the covered portico; and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I happen to be engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study, and find this changing of the scene refreshes and enlivens my attention. At my return home I repose myself, then take a walk, and after that repeat aloud some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion*; though indeed the power of the voice at the same time is improved by this practice. I then walk again, am anointed, take my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without some persons of literature. Thus we

* "By the regimen which Pliny here follows, one would imagine, if he had not told us who were his physicians, that the celebrated Celsus was in the number. That author expressly recommends reading aloud, and afterwards walking, as beneficial in disorders of the stomach: *si quis stomacho laborat, legere clare debet, post lectionem ambulare*," &c.

Celsi Medic. Lib. i. c. 8.

pass our evenings in various conversation; and the day, even when it is at the longest, steals imperceptibly away. Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For instance: if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading an oration or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback, by which means I take as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuse myself with sporting, but always take my tablets into the field, that if I should not meet with game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time, too, is allotted to my tenants, though indeed not so much of it as they desire: and I return from settling their rustic controversies with a better relish to my studies and more elegant occupations. Farewell."

To the same correspondent, who in a subsequent letter had requested to know what alterations his friend made in the disposal of his time when at Laurentinum during the winter season, he replies,

" Nihil, nisi quod meridianus somnus eximitur, multumque de nocte vel ante, vel post diem sumitur: et, si agendi necessitas instat, quæ frequens hieme, non jam comœdo, vel lyristæ post cœnam locus: sed illa quæ dictavi, identidem retractantur, ac simul memoriæ frequenti emendatione proficitur. Habes æstate, hieme consuetudinem: addas huc, licet, ver et autumnum, quæ inter hiemem æstatemque media, ut nihil de die perdunt, ita de nocte parvulum acquirunt. Vale*."

" None, except abridging myself of my sleep at noon, and employing several hours both before daylight and after sunset in study: but if any public business requires my early attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), instead of having interludes or music after supper, I meditate upon what I have previously dictated, and by often revising it in my own mind, fix it the more strongly in my memory. Thus I have given you a general sketch of my mode of life both in summer and winter, to which you may add the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn: in these, as no part of the day is lost in sleep or dissipation, as in sum-

* Lib. ix. Epist. 40.

mer, so some time is gained for business or study by the nights being shorter than in winter. Farewell."

Such was the manner in which, during the vigour of his days, Pliny employed the leisure that was spared to him from the fatigues and anxieties of public life, looking forward to advanced years as to a period when, released from the cares of business, he might apply himself more methodically, and without interruption, to his favourite studies. As a model in these respects which he was ambitious to imitate, he had ever before his eyes the character and conduct of his friend Spurinna, a senator of great opulence and unblemished reputation, who had passed uncorrupted through the various offices of state, had governed many provinces with the most disinterested vigilance, and, after a manhood of indefatigable toil, was enjoying a virtuous old age in learned ease and elegant retirement. "I am so much pleased," he tells his correspondent Calvisius, "with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man whom I would sooner choose for my model. I look upon a stated arrangement of human actions, especially at that advanced period, with the same sort

of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain deviation from precise rule by no means unbecoming: but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition indecent, all should be composed and uniform. This maxim Spurinna religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct." He then proceeds to describe in what manner this venerable old man employed his day: the first part of the morning, he informs us, he devoted to study; at eight he dressed and walked about three miles for the double purpose of contemplation and exercise. On his return, conversation, reading, and a subsequent slight repose, occupied his time until noon. He then ordered his chariot, and, either with his wife or a friend, took an excursion of about seven miles, adding generally to this little tour, ere he retired to his study, the additional exercise of walking another mile. About two in summer and three in winter he went into the bath; on coming out of which he played for a considerable time at tennis, and then, throwing himself upon his couch, had a favourite author read to him until about six o'clock, when with his friends, who had in the mean time been at perfect liberty either to enter into his amusement, or employ themselves

as they thought fit, he sat down to an elegant repast served up on antique silver, a meal that was frequently enlivened by the recital of some dramatic composition, and which, though often prolonged to an advanced hour of the night, never proved—such was uniformly the affability, politeness, and good humour of the host—either trifling or tedious to his guests.

The passage which immediately succeeds this detail I shall give in the author's own emphatic words.

"Inde illi post septimum et septuagesimum annum aurium oculorumque vigor integer, inde agile et vividum corpus, solaque ex senectute prudentia. Hanc ego vitam voto et cogitatione præsumo, ingressurus avidissime, ut primum ratio ætatis receptui canere permiserit *."

"By this method of living he has preserved all his senses entire, and his body active and vigorous to his seventy-eighth year, without discovering any symptoms of old age but the wisdom. This is the sort of life which I ardently aspire after, and which I purpose to enjoy, when I shall arrive at those years which will justify a retreat from business."

* Lib. iii. Epist. 1.

As it might probably be inferred from the instance of Spurinna, that, in Pliny's estimation, opulence was a necessary adjunct for the enjoyment of a literary life, I am anxious to set aside such a supposition, by bringing forward, in the person of his beloved friend Suetonius, a very decided proof that he considered a taste for literature as the best preparative for content, and the surest mode of reconciling a man to a parsimonious distribution of the favours of fortune. In a letter to the emperor Trajan *, whilst soliciting a privilege in behalf of Suetonius, he declares that he entertained so high an idea of the probity, learning, and amiable disposition of this ingenious historian, as to have long since invited him into his family as his domestic friend and constant companion; and that his affection for him had increased in proportion as he had become acquainted with his character. For such a man, and in circumstances too which, as we learn from the epistle I am about to quote, required a strict attention to economy, it was in perfect consonance with what we know of Pliny, that he should exert himself with the most delighted industry; and

* Lib. x. Epist. 95.

it fortunately happens, that in one of his private applications for this purpose, which time has spared us, he has incidentally described, not only the moderate wishes of his learned guest, but his own persuasion that he who is rich in intellectual wealth, who can blend

> Repose with dignity, with quiet fame,

has little else to sigh for, and that

> Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
> Who leads a life of satisfied desires*.

"C. PLINIUS BEBIO HISPANO SUO S.

"Tranquillus, contubernalis meus, vult emere agellum quem venditare amicus tuus dicitur. Rogo cures quanti æquum est emat, ita enim delectabit emisse. Nam mala emptio semper ingrata, eo maxime, quod ex probare stultitiam domino videtur. In hoc autem agello (si modo arriserit precium) Tranquilli mei stomachum multa sollicitant, vicinitas urbis, opportunitas viæ, mediocritas villæ, modus ruris, qui avocet magis, quam distringat. *Scholasticis porro dominis, ut hic est, sufficit abunde*

* Rogers' Epistle to a Friend.

tantum soli, ut relevare caput, reficere oculos, reptare per limitem, unamque semitam tercre, omnesque viticulas suas nosse et numerare arbusculas. Hæc tibi exposui, quo magis scires, quantum ille esset mihi, quantum ego tibi debiturus, si prædiolum istud, quod commendatur his dotibus, tam salubriter emerit, ut pœnitentiæ locum non relinquat. Vale*."

" TO BEBIUS.

" My friend and guest, Tranquillus, has an inclination to purchase a small farm, of which, as I am informed, an acquaintance of yours intends to dispose. I beg you would endeavour he may obtain it upon reasonable terms; which will add to his satisfaction in the purchase. A dear bargain is always disagreeable, particularly as it is a reflection upon the buyer's judgment. There are several circumstances attending this little villa, which (supposing my friend has no objection to the price) are extremely suitable to his state and desires: the convenient distance from Rome, the goodness of the roads, the smallness of the building, and the very few acres of land around it, which are just enough

* Lib. 1. Epist. 24.

to amuse, but not to employ him. *To a man of the literary turn that Tranquillus is, it is sufficient if he have but a small spot to relieve the mind and divert the eye, where he may saunter round his grounds, traverse his single walk, grow familiar with his two or three vines, and count his little plantations.* I mention these particulars to let you see how much he will be obliged to me, as I shall be to you, if you can help him to this convenient little box, at a price which he shall have no occasion to repent. Farewell."

To the passages which I have now selected from the epistles of Pliny, many more of a similar tendency might be added; for there are but few letters in the collection which do not, either in a moral or literary point of view, deserve to be treasured up in the memory. As pictures, indeed, of the happiness to be derived from an ardent attachment to literature, whether such shall have been conceived in youth or old age, under the influence of wealth, or the restriction of narrow circumstances, they are perhaps without a parallel. To the epistles of Cicero on topics of public debate and political importance, they may be allowed, both in matter and manner,

to yield the palm; but in all that concerns the heart and affections, in all that relates to domestic life and literary enjoyment, in urbanity of style and philantrophy of feeling, they are not surpassed, and, indeed, not equalled, by the letters of this celebrated orator; and have, certainly, in these respects, no rivals among the productions of modern times.

No. III.

Too often those who entertain ambition
Expel remorse and nature.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is occasionally to be met with in the page of history, especially in that department of it which enters into minute local inquiry, incidents as extraordinary and romantic as any which the power of imagination may have embodied for the purposes of fictitious narrative.

Of this description is a large portion of the records of the house of CLIFFORD of Craven, in the county of York, which, as not only highly interesting in point of personal character and adventure but as exhibiting much also of the manners and customs of periods of singular importance in the annals of our country, I feel strongly inclined to bring before my readers, in a form and manner better calculated for general perusal than has been hitherto attempted.

In fact, the volumes to which recourse has been

chiefly had for the circumstances detailed in this essay, and the subsequent papers on the same subject, are of a kind either so expensive or so voluminous, as to preclude access to many who enjoy not the convenience of a public library. Whilst on this topic, I cannot omit particularizing one production, as that to which I have been more peculiarly indebted, namely, Whitaker's History of Craven; a work that, to a depth and elaboration of research, which might satisfy the most rigid antiquary, has added, what is but too seldom found mingled with the labours of the topographer, the imagination of the poet and the painter, yet chastised by pure taste and correct judgment, and clothed in a style at once nervous, rich, and elegant. I can well remember the delight with which, two years after I had visited at Skipton the remains of the castle of the Cliffords, I first read, in 1807, this admirable though bulky quarto, an impression which time has little impaired, and which is yet indeed, notwithstanding such a length of intervening period, one of the principal inducements to the present undertaking.

The barony, or honour and fee of Skipton in Craven, had been, before the Norman conquest, the property of earl Edwin, son of Leofwine, and brother

of Leofric, earls of Mercia. On the establishment, however, of William on the throne of England, the estates of the Saxon chieftain, which were very considerable, became forfeited, and the lands which he held in Craven were granted by the conqueror to Robert de Romille, one of his adventurous followers, and who built the castle of Skipton. By marriage, this barony descended to the house of Albemarle, in whose possession it continued until, in the ninth year of Edward the First, John de Eshton, the heir-at-law of the earldom of Albemarle, surrendered it, for a consideration, to the crown, in which it continued. vested till the first of Edward the Second, who, almost immediately after his accession, bestowed it on his minion, Piers de Gaveston. The reign of this favourite however was very short; and the year 1311, the fourth of Edward the Second, saw it transferred, by the king's gift, to Robert de Clifford, whom he had previously created earl marshal of England.

Robert de Clifford, the descendant of an ancient and powerful family, which had long held considerable property in the marches of Wales, and in Westmoreland, was born, it is supposed, at Appleby castle, about the year 1274. Inheriting the mili-

tary enthusiasm of his progenitors, he became, at an early age, so great a favourite with Edward the First, that, when not more than nineteen years of age, we are told, in the record of the plea of the fourteenth of that warlike monarch, *stetit in servicio regis* JUXTA LATUS SUUM.

After such a decisive proof of confidence, it was not long before Edward intrusted this aspiring young nobleman with employment suited to his enterprising disposition. In 1297 he appointed him governor of Carlisle, with the view of repressing the incursions of the Scots; and almost immediately afterwards, lord Robert, entering Annandale with what troops the garrison could supply, defeated the Scots near Annan Kirke, with considerable slaughter; a piece of service which was speedily followed by a grant from the king, to him and his heirs, of the castle of Carlavrock, in Scotland, together with all the estates of Robert Maxwell and William Douglas. Nor did the favour of Edward stop here. He nominated him chief justice of his forests beyond Trent; summoned him four times to parliament as one of the peers of the realm; and when, in 1301, he wrote to pope Boniface, claiming the seignory of Scotland, lord Clifford signed this

celebrated letter by the title of *Chatellain of Appleby*. It would appear indeed that the honours and possessions thus bestowed were amply recompensed to the English monarch, not only by what Clifford had already done, but by what he subsequently achieved; for we are told that in 1306, almost immediately after the coronation of Robert Bruce, he entered Scotland with the earl of Pembroke, and defeated the newly-created king at St. John's Town*.

We cannot but entertain, indeed, a high opinion of the character and conduct of Robert de Clifford, from beholding him thus patronised by one who has been not unjustly termed "the wisest of English kings†." Nor is he less entitled to admiration for his skill and prudence, when, under the subsequent turbulent reign of Edward of Caernarvon, we find him, though intrusted with the first offices of state, both military and civil, steering so cautiously and judiciously through the broils and dissensions which distracted his native country, that whilst he preserved the patronage of his sovereign, he lost not

* Holinshed, vol. i. p. 842.

† Vide sir Matthew Hale's Memoirs of the Cliffords, as quoted by Whitaker, p. 241.

the affection and esteem of the nobles and commons. It was to the successful execution of this difficult task that he owed his property in Craven; for when he reflected upon the precarious tenure by which he held the lands in Scotland, allotted to him by Edward the First, which either the chances of war or the stipulations of peace might in a moment snatch from his grasp, he became anxious for possessions more stable; and the castle and domain of Skipton, being situated at a convenient distance from the Scottish border, and enjoying, both by nature and art, the means of defence, he had only, on the death of Gaveston, to point out the advantages which might accrue to himself, his sovereign, and the kingdom, by his occupation of this barrier, to obtain what he eagerly sought.

The barony of Skipton, thus conferred on Robert de Clifford, is situated in the central and most beautiful part of Craven, extending east and west from the river Wharf to the river Air, and included within its limits various parks and demesnes, occupying not less than an area of six miles by four. To the castle which Romille, tempted by the imposing strength and altitude of the situation, had founded on the verge of an almost perpendicular

rock at Skipton, and which consisted, according to the military architecture of that period, of a square tower and spacious bailley, this first Clifford added so many important parts, including seven round towers connected by rectilinear apartments, and forming a kind of quadrangular court within, that his celebrated descendant, Anne, countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, describes him as the chief builder of the most strong parts of Skipton castle, which had been out of repair and ruinous from the Albemarles' time*.

Any long enjoyment, however, of this property was not vouchsafed to the first lord Clifford of Craven; for in the year 1314, being the third only after his accession to the barony, he accompanied Edward the Second from Skipton to the fatal field of Bannockburn.

Of this celebrated battle, so decisive of the ascendancy of Bruce and of the independency of Scotland, and in which Robert de Clifford bore so conspicuous a part, I cannot resist the temptation of copying for my readers the following account, by far the most accurate and circumstantial which has hitherto

* Whitaker, p. 322.

been given, of a conflict, which plunged for a time almost every rank of society in England into terror and distress.

"Edward the Second, continuing his father's claim to Scotland, resolved by one effort to reduce that turbulent nation to subjection. In the year 1314 he assembled an army of above a hundred thousand men. Robert Bruce, grandson of him who had been competitor with Baliol, raised an army against Edward of thirty thousand men, and took his station in the neighbourhood of Stirling, behind the river Bannockburn. The English army coming up encamped near Torwood. The defeat of a detachment of eight hundred cavalry, despatched by *lord Clifford* to the relief of Stirling, inspired the Scots army with courage for the general engagement. At length, on Monday, June 24th, 1314, appeared the dawn of that important day, which was to decide whether Scotland was henceforth to be an independent kingdom, or subjected to a foreign yoke. Early all was in motion in both armies. Religious sentiments were mingled with the military ardour of the Scots. A solemn mass, in the manner of those times, was said by Maurice, abbot of Inchchanfry, who also administered the sacrament to the

king and the great officers about him, upon a hill near the camp, probably Cockshot-hill, while inferior priests did the same to the rest of the army. Then, after a sober repast, they formed in order of battle, in a tract of ground now called Nether Touchadam, which lies along the declivity of a gently rising hill, about a mile due south from the castle of Stirling. This situation had been previously chosen on account of its advantages. Upon the right they had a range of steep rocks, now called Gillie's-hill, in which the hill abruptly terminates. In their front were the steep banks of the rivulet of Bannockburn. Upon the left lay a morass, now called Milton Bog, from its vicinity to a small village of that name. Much of this bog is still undrained, and a part of it is at present a mill-dam. As it was then the middle of summer, it was almost dry; but Robert had recourse to a stratagem, in order to prevent any attack from that quarter. He had some time before ordered many ditches and pits to be digged in the morass, and in the fields upon the left, and these to be covered over again with green turf, supported by stakes driven into the bottom of them, so that the ground had still the appearance of being firm. He also caused calthrops,

or sharp-pointed irons, to be scattered through the morass, some of which have been found there in the memory of people yet alive. By means of these artificial improvements, added to the natural strength of the ground, the Scottish army stood as within an intrenchment, and the invisible pits and ditches answered to the concealed batteries of modern times.

"The Scottish army was drawn up in three divisions, and their front extended near a mile in length along the brink of the river. The right, which was upon the highest grounds, was commanded by Edward Bruce, brother to the king; the left was posted on the low grounds, near the morass, under the direction of Randolph; and the king himself took the charge of the centre. Mention is also made of a fourth division, commanded by Walter Lord High Stewart, and James Douglas, both of whom had that morning been knighted by their sovereign. As they stood in this posture, waiting for the enemy, the trumpets, clarions, and horns continued to blow with so hideous a noise as made the neighbouring rocks and woods to echo the sound.

"The enemy were fast approaching in three great

bodies, and led on by the English monarch in person, and the earls of Hereford and Glocester, who were ranked among the best generals that England could at that time produce. Their centre was formed of infantry and the wings of cavalry, many of whom were armed cap-a-pee. Squadrons of archers were also planted upon the wings, and at certain distances along the front. Edward was attended by two knights, sir Giles de Argentine and sir Aymer de Vallance, who rode one upon each side of him: hence according to the phrase of those days, they were said to be at his bridle. That monarch, who had imagined that the Scots would never face his formidable host, was much astonished when he beheld the order in which they were drawn up, and their determined resolution to give him battle. As he expressed his surprise to those about him, sir Ingram Umfraville took the opportunity of suggesting a plan, which was likely to ensure a cheap and bloodless victory. He counselled him to make a feint of retreating with the whole army, till they had got behind their tents; and as this would tempt the Scots to break their ranks, in order to plunder the camp, they should suddenly turn about and fall upon them. This counsel was rejected,

Edward being of opinion, that there was no need of any stratagem in order to defeat so small a handful of men.

"Amongst the other occurrences of this memorable day, historians mention an incident of a singular nature. As the two armies were upon the point of engaging, the abbot of Inchchanfry, having posted himself before the Scots, with a crucifix in his hand, they all fell down upon their knees in an act of devotion. The enemy, observing them in so uncommon a posture, concluded that they were frightened into submission; and that, by kneeling when they should have been ready to fight, they meant to surrender at discretion, and only begged their lives; but they were soon undeceived when they saw them rise again, and stand to their arms with steady countenances.

"The English began the action by a vigorous charge upon the left wing of the Scots, commanded by Randolph, near the spot where the bridge is now thrown over the river, at the small village of Chartres-hall. Thereabout was the only place where the river could be crossed in any sort of order. A large body of cavalry advanced to attack in front, while another fetched a compass to fall upon the

flank and rear; but before they could come to a close engagement, they fell into the snare that had been laid for them; many of their horses were soon disabled by the sharp irons rushing into their feet; others tumbled into the concealed pits, and could not disentangle themselves. Pieces of their harness, with bits of broken spears, and other armour, still continue to be dug up in the bog. Randolph knew full well how to improve an accident which he had looked for; taking an immediate advantage of the disorder and surprise into which it had thrown the enemy, he charged them with vigour. While these transactions were going on in these parts, the battle was spreading along the front, and was fought with much valour on both sides.

"In the beginning of the engagement, an incident happened, which, though in itself of small moment, was rendered important by its consequences. Robert was mounted on horseback, Barbour says, upon a little palfry, carrying a battle-ax in his hand, and upon his helmet he wore a purple hat in form of a crown, by way of distinction. This singularity of dress, together with his activity, rendered him very conspicuous as he rode before the lines, observing their order, and encouraging them with the cheer-

fulness of his countenance. An English knight, named Henry Bohun, cousin to the earl of Hereford, who was ranked amongst the bravest in Edward's army, came galloping furiously up to him, in order to engage with him in single combat, expecting, by so eminent an act of chivalry, to put an end to the contest at once, and gain immortal renown to himself. But the enterprising champion, having missed his first blow, was immediately struck dead with the king's battle-ax, the handle of which was broken by the violence of the stroke. This was a sort of signal for the charge. So bold an attack upon their king filled the Scots with sentiments of revenge; and the heroic achievement performed by him before their eyes raised their spirits to the highest pitch. Their courage was too warm to suffer restraint, and their confidence too great to listen to advice; they rushed furiously upon the enemy, who gave them a warm reception. The ardour of one of the Scottish divisions having carried them too far, occasioned their being sorely galled by a large body of English archers, who charged them in flank; but these were soon dispersed by Edward Bruce, who came behind them with a party of spearmen; or, according to other accounts, by sir Robert

Keith, whom the king despatched to their relief, with a company of five hundred horse. Prince Edward, however, soon found himself standing in need of the same relief which he had so timely afforded to others. A strong body of the enemy's cavalry charged the right wing, which he commanded, with such irresistible fury, that he had been quite overpowered, if Randolph, who appears to have at that time been disengaged, had not marched to his assistance. The battle was now at the hottest; and it was yet uncertain how the day was to go. The English still continued to charge with unabated vigour: the Scots received them with an inflexible intrepidity, and fought every one as if victory had depended upon his single arm. A singular occurrence, which some accounts represent as an accidental sally of patriotic enthusiasm, others as a premeditated stratagem of Robert, suddenly altered the face of affairs, and contributed greatly to the victory. All the servants and attendants of the Scottish army, who are said to have amounted to above fifteen thousand, had been ordered, before the battle, to retire with the baggage behind Gillies-hill; but having, during the engagement, arranged themselves in a martial form, some on foot, and

others mounted on the baggage horses, they marched to the top of the hill, and displaying white sheets fixed upon long poles instead of banners, moved towards the field of battle with hideous shouts. The English, perceiving this motley crowd, and taking them for a fresh reinforcement advancing to support the Scots, were seized with so great a panic, that they began to give way in great confusion. Buchanan says, that the king of England was the first that fled; but in this he contradicts all other historians, who affirm that that monarch was among the last in the field. Nay, according to some accounts, he would not be persuaded to retire, till sir Aymer de Vallance, seeing the day lost, took hold of his horse's bridle and led him off. Sir Giles de Argentine, the other knight who waited on Edward, would not consent to leave the field; but, putting himself at the head of a battalion, made a vigorous effort to retrieve the desperate state of affairs, but was soon overpowered and slain. He was a champion of great renown; and, having signalized himself in several battles with the Saracens, was reckoned the third knight for valour in his day.

"The Scots pursued, and great was the slaughter among the enemy, especially in passing the river,

where they could keep no order, because of the irregularity of the ground. A short mile from the field of battle lies a plot of ground, which goes by the name of the *Bloody-fold*, where, according to tradition, a party of the English faced about and made a stand; but, after a dreadful slaughter among them, were forced to continue their flight. This tradition corresponds to what we find in several historians concerning the earl of Glocester, who, seeing the rout of his countrymen, made an effort to renew the battle at the head of his own military tenants; and, after having done much execution with his own hand, was, together with the most of his party, cut in pieces *."

With this martial prince, Gilbert de Clare, earl of Glocester, and nephew of Edward the Second, perished, fighting side by side, *Robert de Clifford, first lord of the honour of Skipton.* Their heroism had excited the admiration of Bruce; and as they had been companions on the field, they were not separated after death, their bodies being sent together by the conqueror to Edward at Berwick,

* Nimmo's General History of Stirlingshire, 8vo. London, 1777.

to be interred with the honours due unto their valour.

The result of this disastrous engagement, in which there fell on the side of the English not less than one hundred and fifty-four earls, barons, and knights, seven hundred gentlemen, and more than ten thousand common soldiers*, was long a theme of exultation and triumph to Scotland and her minstrelsy. From one of her best and oldest effusions on this subject, entitled "The Song of the Scottish Maidens," a few stanzas will fully evince to what a tone of fiery and taunting energy her bards could raise their strains of jubilate on this occasion.

Here comes your lordly chivalry
All charging in a row;
And there your gallant bowmen
Let fly their shafts like snow.
Look how yon old man clasps his hands,
And hearken to his cry—
"Alas, alas, for Scotland,
When England's arrows fly!"
Yet weep, ye dames of England,
For twenty summers past
Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—
Such mirth can never last.

* Walsingham, p. 105. T. de la More, p. 394.

And how can I do less than laugh,
When England's lords are nigh?
It is the maids of Scotland
Must learn to wail and sigh;
For here spurs princely Hereford—
Hark to his clashing steel!
And there's sir Philip Musgrave,
All gore from helm to heel;
And yonder is stout d'Argentine;
And here comes with a sweep
The fiery speed of Gloucester—
Say wherefore should I weep?

Weep, all ye English maidens,
Lo, Bannockbrook 's in flood!
Not with its own sweet waters,
But England's noblest blood.
For see, your arrow shower has ceased,
The thrilling bow-string 's mute;
And where rides fiery Gloucester?
All trodden under foot.
Wail, all ye dames of England,
Nor more shall Musgrave know
The sound of the shrill trumpet—
And Argentine is low.

Thy chivalry, proud England,
Have turn'd the rein to fly;
And on them rushes Randolph—
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.
Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides,
As one rides in a river;

And here the good king Robert comes—
And Scotland's free for ever.
Now weep, ye dames of England,
And let your sons prolong
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn—
In many a sorrowing song.

The body of Robert de Clifford was forwarded by Edward for interment at Bolton Abbey, near Skipton. Bolton had been, under the Saxon dynasty, the seat of earl Edwin's barony; but, in the twelfth century, Aaliza, the grandaughter of Robert de Romillè, heiress of the castle and honour of Skipton, and who had married William Fitz-Duncan (a chief, who, after laying waste Craven by fire and sword, had been established there by his uncle, David, king of Scotland), parted with this property to the canons of Embsay, who built on the site of an ancient Saxon church, and in one of the most romantic situations in Craven, the beautiful structure of Bolton Priory*.

* The following tragical event has been assigned by tradition as the reason why lady Aaliza parted with this property; but, as will be seen at the close of the note, though probably true as to incident, its application for the purpose just mentioned cannot be correct.

"In the deep solitude of the woods betwixt Bolton and

Robert de Clifford had by his wife, Matilda, one of the daughters and coheirs of Thomas de Clare,

Barden, the Wharf, suddenly contracts itself to a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. This place was then, as it is yet, called the *Strid*, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such, according to tradition, was the fate of young Romillè, who inconsiderately bounding over the chasm with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. The forester who accompanied Romillè, and beheld his fate, returned to the lady Aaliza, and, with despair in his countenance, inquired 'What is good for a bootless bene?' To which the mother, apprehending that some great calamity had befallen her son, instantly replied, 'Endless sorrow.'

"The language of this question, almost unintelligible at present, proves the antiquity of the story, which nearly amounts to proving its truth. But 'bootless bene' is unavailing prayer; and the meaning, though imperfectly expressed, seems to have been, 'What remains when pray r is useless?'

"This misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the priory from Embsay to Bolton, which was the nearest eligible site to the place where it happened. The lady was now in a proper situation of mind to take any impression from her spiritual comforters; but the views of the two parties were different; they spoke, no doubt, and she thought, of proximity to the scene of her son's death; but it was the fields and woods of Bolton for which they secretly languished.

two sons, Roger and Robert, of which the first had nearly perished on the scaffold, in consequence of his

"Thus far I have copied," adds Dr. Whitaker, "and even reasoned upon, the vulgar tradition; in which Dodsworth, Dr. Johnston, and Dr. Burton, have successively acquiesced, without reflecting that this drowned son of the second foundress is himself a party and witness to the charter of translation *. Yet I have little doubt that the story is true in the main, but that it refers to one of the sons of Cecilia de Romillè, the first foundress, both of whom are known to have died young." History of Craven, p. 368.

This singular occurrence, which, whether it apply to Cecilia or Aaliza Romillè, is of little consequence in a poetical point of view, has furnished more than one of our living bards with a theme for his muse. I annex the lines of Mr Rogers.

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

"Say, what remains when hope is fled?"
She answer'd, "Endless weeping!"
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping.
At Embsay rung the matin-bell,
The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying:
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest-green,
With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,
The boy of Egremond was seen.

* See Mon. st. Anglic. vol. ii. p. 10

rashly taking part with the earl of Lancaster in his unsuccessful contest with Edward the Second, and his

Blithe was his song—a song of yore ;
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more !
'Twas but a step ! the gulf he pass'd ;
But that step—it was his last !
As through the mist he wing'd his way,
(A cloud that hovers night and day)
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The master and his merlin too.
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of life !
There now the matin-bell is rung ;
The "Miserere!" duly sung ;
And holy men, in cowl and hood,
Are wandering up and down the wood.
But what avail they? Ruthless lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.
Sit now, and answer groan for groan ;
The child before thee is thy own ;
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother, in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping,
Of those who would not be consoled
When red with blood the river roll'd.

favourites, Hugh Spencer and son. In fact, it was only owing to the severity of his wounds, which were thought to be mortal, that he escaped decapitation; for, on his unexpected recovery, the resentment of the king having subsided, his life was spared. Nor was his property, which had of course been forfeited to the crown by his rebellion, long withheld from his family; for Robert, who, on failure of issue, succeeded him as *third* lord of Skipton, being a great favourite with Edward the Third, obtained a reversal of the judgment against his brother, in the fourth year of that monarch's reign.

From this period to the reign of Henry the Fifth, when JOHN LORD CLIFFORD, SEVENTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON, followed his sovereign to the conquest of France, nothing remarkable occurs in the slight memorials which have been preserved of the earlier Yorkshire Cliffords. This seventh lord was not only like the generality of his progenitors, of a martial disposition, but had one of the finest fields which the kingdom has ever afforded for the display of his prowess. His career, however, as a soldier, which commenced in the

fourth of Henry the Fifth *, was terminated in the tenth of the same reign, and only a few months before the death of his victorious prince, at the siege of Meaux, where, says Goodwin, May, 1422, fell the lord Clifford, who was brought over and buried in the church of the canons of Bolton in Craven, in Yorkshire †.

By his marriage with Eliza, only daughter of Henry Percy, son of Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, John lord Clifford had a son and heir, THOMAS, EIGHTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON, who was born in the year 1414. This nobleman appears to have taken for his model the cha-

* "The contract was to this effect, that this lord, with fifty men-at-arms, well accoutered, whereof three to bee knights, the rest esquires, and a hundred and fifty archers, whereof two parts to serve on horseback, the third on foote, should serve the king from the day hee should bee ready to set sayle for France, taking for himself 4s. for every knt.; for every esquire 1s.; for every archer 6d. *per diem*.

"This was the usual meanes whereby the kings in those times furnished their armys with men of value; and it was counted no dishonourable thing for persons of honour upon this kinde of traffick to make themselves an advantage: indeed, it was in these martial times the trade of the nobility and great men." Sir Matthew Hale's Memoirs of the Cliffords, apud Whitaker, p. 246.

† Goodwin, p. 325.

racter and conduct of Robert, first lord of Skipton; for whilst he preserved the favour of Henry the Sixth, he so managed as not to forfeit the respect and esteem of the nobility. Indeed the times were such as to call for the utmost wariness and circumspection, for the pretensions of the house of York were beginning to appear, and discontent and disaffection were spreading rapidly throughout the kingdom.

It was impossible, however, to avoid taking a decided part when the claims of the rival houses were put to the arbitration of the sword; and, although by the marriage of his aunt Maud de Clifford, daughter of Thomas, sixth lord of Skipton, with Richard Plantagenet, earl of Cambridge, this eighth lord was allied to the house of York, and, in fact, resided with his family the greater part of the year at Conisburgh castle, which the countess of Cambridge, then a widow, possessed in right of her dower; yet, from some disagreement, probably originating, on the part of the Plantagenets, from the magnitude and long tenure of this very dower by the relict of the earl, it is certain that a dislike amounting to the bitterest enmity was engendered between the two families, and induced

lord Clifford and his son not only to support with zeal the house of Lancaster, but to become the most implacable foes of the Yorkists.

It was the fate of the father, however, to perish early in this disastrous contest; for in the first battle fought between the contending parties at St. Albans, on May 22, 1455, in which Henry the Sixth was defeated and taken prisoner, this nobleman, together with other chieftains of his faction, was slain in attempting to turn the fortune of the day. To this event Shakspeare alludes in the opening of his *Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, where, speaking of the king as having secretly withdrawn from the field, he adds—

> Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
> Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
> Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
> *Lord Clifford*, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
> Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
> Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

The representation of the poet is here founded on fact, for such, according to the statement of the chroniclers, were the circumstances which preceded the death of lord Clifford; but, in admitting these lines, the bard had forgotten that, at the close of the preceding play, he had given Clifford his death-

wound from the hand of the duke of York, evidently with the design of accounting for the savage ferocity with which John, the son of this Clifford, avenged himself on every individual of the race of Plantagenet who was unfortunate enough to fall within his power. The passions, however, which this unnatural war set afloat, and which, in numerous instances, alike bade defiance to every tie of humanity and consanguinity, wanted not the aid of fiction to account for the miseries which they inflicted; for by man, habituated to deeds of violence, freed from the restraints of law, and uninfluenced by morals or religion, what enormity has not been committed?

Thomas lord Clifford was interred with his uncle, Henry Percy earl of Northumberland, and Humphrey earl of Stafford, in the lady chapel of the monastery of St. Albans, having entered the forty-first year of his age, and leaving one son, the above-mentioned John, by Joan, daughter of Thomas lord Dacre, of Gillesland.

JOHN LORD CLIFFORD, NINTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON, and surnamed, probably from the unrelenting sternness of his features, *black-faced* Clifford, was born on the 8th of April, 1430,

at Conisburgh castle in Yorkshire, under the same roof which had witnessed the birth of the very duke of York whom he is represented to have killed, and who was the son of Richard earl of Cambridge, by his first wife, Anne Mortimer, his second lady, who survived him, being, as I have stated before, Maud Clifford; thus forming an alliance which, instead of cementing the two families in the bond of peace, seems to have produced nothing but alienation and hostility.

Lord John appears to have been early initiated into all the horrors of civil discord, for at the death of his father, in 1455, he had been three years engaged in the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster; a school in which, according to every account, he had imbibed a more than common portion of the rancour and cruelty so prevalent in those days of bloodshed and confusion.

It was at the battle of Wakefield, which took place on December 30th, 1460, between Richard duke of York, and queen Margaret, in which the former was totally defeated, that the vindictive ferocity of Clifford became such as to leave an eternal blot upon his character. Leland says, "that for slaughter of men at Wakefield, he was called the

butcher;" but the action which on that day has more peculiarly stained his memory was the slaughter of the young earl of Rutland, second son of the duke of York, who is represented by Hall and Holinshed as not being more than twelve years of age, though the countess of Dorset and Pembroke, in her Summary of the Lives of her Ancestors, contends, with the view of, in some measure, mitigating the horror of the deed, that he was seventeen. As the chroniclers, however, describe him as being attended by his tutor, and paint him with the manners and apprehensions of a child, it is scarcely probable that he could be so old. "Whilst this battle was in fighting," says Hall, "a priest called sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young earl of Rutland, second son to the above-named duke of York, scarce of the age of xij years*, a *fair* gentleman, and a *maiden-like* person, perceiving that flight was more safe-guard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl

* Peacham, in his "Complete Gentleman," in general an acurate writer, repeats this assertion. "Edmund Plantagenet, son and heir of Richard duke of York, earl of Rutland (who, being a child scarce twelve years of age, was stricken to the heart with a dagger by the lord Clifford, at the battle of Wakefield), had, &c."—Edition of 1634, p. 169.

out of the field, by the lord Clifford's band, toward the town; but or he could enter into a house, he was by the said lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. *The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees, imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands, and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear.*"

On this, and the similar account by Holinshed, Shakspeare, following the track of an elder dramatic poet, founded the following pathetic scene, which, there is much reason to suppose, little, if at all, exaggerates the fell and cruel rage which inflamed the breasts of nearly all the leaders in this merciless warfare.

"*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his* TUTOR.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Cliff. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Cliff. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Cliff. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I 'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Cliff. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Cliff. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Cliff. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Cliff. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die!
[CLIFFORD *stabs him*."*

It is some satisfaction to know that the perpetrator of this inhuman deed, after having acted a part nearly as savage and relentless at the death-scene of the duke of York, which almost immediately followed, or, as some say, preceded, the murder of his son, was himself killed about three months afterwards, near Ferrybridge in Yorkshire, after having defeated and slain the lord Fitzwalter, who had been stationed by king Edward IV. to maintain the pass at the bridge. It was in his retreat from this rencontre, which took place on Saturday the 28th of March, 1461, that, in a small valley called Dittengale, situated between Towton and Scarthingwell, having either from heat or pain

* Third Part of King Henry VI., Act i. Sc. 3.

put off his gorget, he was suddenly wounded in the throat by a headless arrow, and instantly expired.

This event, which occurred on the night of Saturday—for lord Fitzwalter was roused from his bed by the tumult of the attack—preceded but by fifteen hours the great battle of Towton, fought on Palm Sunday eve, 1461, and in which fell 37,000 Englishmen. In a period of such confusion and dismay, and on the verge of one of the most dreadful actions which ever happened between the rival houses, it is probable that the body of Clifford was left uninterred on the field; for it is the tradition of the family that it was thrown into a pit with a promiscuous heap of the slain, in all likelihood after the battle of Towton had been decided.

Shakspeare, who has thrown, intentionally, I have no doubt, the two actions into one, has finely availed himself of this liberty in depicting the death of Clifford. He represents him, in conformity with the relation of Holinshed, dying from the wound in his throat; but, just as he is in the act of expiring, he brings his bitterest foes, Edward, George of Clarence, Richard of Gloucester, Montague and Warwick, to the spot. They are retiring in exultation from the field of victory, and as the wretched Clif-

ford groans and breathes his last, Edward, starting, exclaims—

"Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward*
War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands*."

John, ninth lord of Skipton, married Margaret, daughter of Henry Bromflete, lord Vesey, by whom he had two sons, of which the eldest, as we shall find in a following paper, was, in consequence of the attainder of his father, in the first of Edward the Fourth, deprived of his inheritance for many years.

[*To be continued.*]

* Third Part of King Henry VI., Act II. Scene VI.

No. IV.

The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle;
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade
(All which secure and sweetly he enjoys),
Is far beyond a prince's delicates;
His viands sparkling in a golden cup;
His body couched in a curious bed;
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason wait on him.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE cannot, either in national or private history, be found a greater opposition of character than that which subsisted between John lord Clifford, whose death I have recorded at the close of my first paper on this subject, and HENRY his son, afterwards TENTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON. To adversity, that best of all schools for the growth and cultivation of the noblest virtues of the human heart, we may, in a great measure, attribute this happy contrast on the part of the son; for it was his lot, in times of inordinate ambition and strife, to pass his youth in the shades of obscurity and poverty, a lesson which for ever guarded his breast against the intrusion of those dark and daring ma-

chinations which had so deeply stained the memory of his immediate progenitors.

At the death of his father, Henry Clifford was but six years of age, being born in 1454; and in 1464, being the fourth year of Edward the Fourth, the castle, manor, and lordship of Skipton, which had been forfeited by the attainder of lord John, were granted, in the first instance, to sir William Stanley, and subsequently, about the fifteenth of the same reign, to Richard duke of Gloucester, who held them until he lost his life and crown at the battle of Bosworth.

In the mean time, it became necessary to conceal the son and heir of one who had rendered himself more than commonly obnoxious to the reigning family, not only by his prowess in the field against them, but by his ferocious slaughter of the young earl of Rutland. Banishment, imprisonment, or death, would certainly have been the fate of the child had he been discovered; but, fortunately for him, he possessed, in the love, activity, and resources of his affectionate mother, a sufficient protection against the impending danger; for, at the age of seven years, he was clothed in the habit, and placed in the condition, of a shepherd's boy at

Londesborough, where his mother then chiefly resided. In this sequestered spot, confided to the care of peasants, whose wives had been servants in his father's family, and, as attendants on the nurse who had given him suck, familiar to him from his infancy, he the more readily submitted to his hard lot; more especially, as they took care to impress upon his mind the conviction, that his life depended upon his being perfectly resigned to a state of poverty and humiliation.

It was whilst thus occupied at Londesborough, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, that his mother's father, Henry Bromflete, lord Vesey, died, an event which, giving rise to a report, at the court of Edward the Fourth, that his daughter's two sons were alive, their mother was closely examined on the subject. From her answers, which satisfied for a time her inquirers, and lulled their suspicions asleep, it appears, that immediately after the death of her lord, she had sent both her sons to the sea-side, with an intention of embarking them for the Low Countries, but only Richard, the younger, had passed over to the continent, where he died shortly afterwards, whilst Henry was secretly reconveyed to Londesborough. With an equivoca-

tion, therefore, readily to be pardoned in a mother thus trembling for the safety of her only child, she declared that she had given orders for their conveyance beyond seas, for the purpose of their education, and that she knew not whether they were dead or alive.

About this time, or at least before the twelfth of Edward the Fourth, for a charter or deed of arbitration * of this period mentions their union, lady Clifford married her second husband, sir Lancelot Threlkeld, knight, of Threlkeld in Cumberland, a man of unblemished honour and integrity, and who seems to have been equally solicitous with his wife to save and protect young Henry Clifford from the malice of his enemies. When, therefore, as was soon afterwards the case, a murmur of his being in existence and concealment was revived, and his increasing years rendered his danger every day more imminent, they sent him, with the peasantry and their families, to whose society he had been habituated, to Threlkeld in Cumberland, to be brought up simply as a shepherd; and at this place, under the vigilant eye of his father-in-law's kindred, or on

* Vide Whitaker, p. 250

the borders of Scotland, where it was necessary he should sometimes retreat, and where sir Lancelot hired land for the convenience of the shepherds who accompanied him, he was frequently, though very secretly, visited both by the good knight and his affectionate mother.

In this lowly disguise, bred up in forests and mountain fastnesses, the child of nature, and inured to every privation, did Henry lord Clifford pass twenty-five of those years which are usually esteemed the best and fairest of our lives. Yet, though deprived of the honours and the luxuries to which the nobility of his house should have entitled him, he was more than compensated by higher and better gifts; for his heart was uncorrupted and his integrity unassailed. He possessed, we are told, a strong natural understanding, and an amiable and contemplative disposition: in one thing only was he unfortunate; for, under the apprehension that any show of learning might lead to the detection of his birth, his education was so entirely neglected, that he could neither write nor read; and it was only after his restoration to the honours and possessions of his family that he was taught to write his name.

He wanted not, however, the pleasures which

health, activity, and conscious innocence could bestow; nor, if what I have now to bring forward be correct, did he want, during this his long period of enforced concealment, those consolations which spring from the tenderest of all affections, from the interchange of faithful and enduring love.

There is reason indeed to conclude that the exquisitely pathetic ballad, entitled "The Nut-brown Maid," was founded on what really had occurred between this young nobleman and the object of his attachment, during the latter part of his seclusion in the Fells of Cumberland.

Dr. Whitaker, taking it for granted that there was no edition of Arnold's Chronicle, in which the ballad of the Nut-brown Maid first made its appearance, prior to 1521, and coupling this date with the circumstance of the lover "specifically describing *Westmorçland* as his heritage," conjectured that Henry, first earl of Cumberland, and the son of the shepherd lord of whom we are now speaking, was the hero of the poem, adding, that "the barony of Westmoreland was the inheritance of this Henry Clifford alone *."

* History of Craven, p. 256—note.

To the individual, however, of the Clifford family thus fixed upon by Dr. Whitaker, in his otherwise very probable hypothesis, an insuperable objection has been raised by an ingenious writer in the Censura Literaria. "The last entry," he observes, "in the list of mayors and sheriffs in the copy of Arnold in my possession has the date, xviii Hen. vii, or 1502, in which year the book appears to have been printed. The subsequent edition, described by Oldys, carries down the list of mayors, &c. to the xii or xiii of Henry viii, or 1521. Now as the Nut-brown Maid is printed in both editions, it cannot be assigned to a later origin than 1502, and at that time the Henry Clifford spoken of by Dr. Whitaker was only nine years old; that he was the hero of the ballad is therefore impossible. I mean not, however," he shortly afterwards adds, "to take it from the Cliffords."

"The barony of Westmoreland," says Dr. Whitaker, "was the inheritance of Henry Clifford alone. It was also the inheritance of his father, Henry lord Clifford; he whom the circumstances of the times made a 'shepherd's boy,' who was obliged to put on various disguises to secure himself from danger; and instead of giving the festive

treat in the halls and palaces of his ancestors, was forced to seek his own scanty portion in the mountain solitudes and woodland recesses. He then may be truly said to have been (as the ballad represents him) a 'bannished man,' and an 'outlawe.' For nearly thirty years he was obliged to forego the patrimony of his fathers, and in that period, if, as I surmise, he was the *real* hero of the Nut-brown Maid, the adventure recorded in the poem took place. The *great lynage* of the lady, and her being a *baron's childe*, agree perfectly with the descent of his first wife, Anne, daughter of sir John St. John of Bletsoe*."

This account of the origin of the Nut-brown Maid carries with it a high degree of probability and veri-similitude; it accords remarkably, not only with the language, style, and orthography of the composition, which are those of the period immediately preceding the accession of Henry VII., but it coincides throughout with the extraordinary circumstances which accompanied the youth and opening manhood of this persecuted nobleman; and in its denouement it points, with singular precision,

* Censura Literaria, vol. vii. pp. 96, 97, 98.

to what were, in fact, his prospects and expectations.

We may, in short, infer from the closing stanzas of the poem, that the interview which it commemorates took place almost immediately after it was known to lord Henry that the attainder of his house had been reversed, and before any intimation of such a change of fortune could have reached the ears of the object of his affections.

Interesting as the ballad of the Nut-brown Maid must assuredly be deemed merely as a work of fiction, yet does it become incomparably more striking and affecting, when it is discovered to have been built on the basis of reality; and a reality, too, of which the circumstances are, at the same time, in a high degree romantic and extraordinary.

Intimately connected, therefore, as is this antique ditty with one of the most remarkable transactions in the life of lord Henry Clifford, forming, as it were, an important part of his history, and deriving, in fact, from this association no inconsiderable portion of its charm, I cannot but be persuaded that its introduction in this place will, from the consequent facility of application and reference, be felt by a great majority of my readers as peculiarly

calculated to illustrate its beauties, and to enforce its impression on the mind.

It may be necessary, however, to premise, that in doing this I have followed precisely, as to *phraseology* and *orthography*, the copy printed in the first edition of Arnold's Chronicle, namely, that of 1502, inserting at the bottom of the page the various readings to be found in the reprint of Dr. Percy, as given in his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, and which the doctor professes to be chiefly constructed on that published by Capel in his Prolusions, with some additional readings from a copy in the possession of the late James West, esq. It need scarcely be remarked, however, that the only authentic impression of this ballad is the one which I am about to transcribe.

THE NUT-BROWNE MAIDE.

Be it right, or wrong, these men among on women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour spent in vaine
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a man agayne;
For lete a man do what he can ther favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe to them pusue, ther furst trew lover than
Laboureth for nought, and from her thought he is a banished man.

Ver. 5. do them.

I say not nay, bat that all day it is bothe writ and sayde,
That woman's fayth is, as who saythe, all utterly decayed;
But, nev'theles, right good witnes in this case might be layde,
That they love trewe, and contynew, recorde the Nut-browne maide,
Whiche from her love, whan her to prove, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte she lovyd but hym allone.

Than betwene us lete us discusse, what was all the maner;
Betwene them too we wyl also telle all they peyne in fere
That she was in. Now I begynne, soo that ye me answere.
Wherfore ye, that present be, I pray you geve an eare;
I am the knyght; I cum be nyght, as secret as I can,
Sayng alas, thus standyth the cause: I am a banisshed man.

She.

And I your wylle for to fulfylle in this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe, that men have an ille use,
To ther owne shame, wymen to blame, and causeles them accuse.
Therfore to you I answere now, alle wymen to excuse;
Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere? I prey you telle anoon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you allon.

Ver. 11. Which, when her love came her to prove,
To her to make his mone.
Ver. 14. the payne, and fere.
Ver. 16. all ye.
Ver. 18. the case.

He.

It stondeth so a dede is do, wherfore moche harme shal growe;
My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe, I trowe;
Or ellis to flee, the ton must bee; none other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw, and take me to my bowe;
Wherfore adew, my owne hert trewe; none other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goo alone a bannysshed man.

She.

O Lorde, what is this worldis blisse, that chaungeth as the mone;
My somer's day in lusty May is derked before the none;
I here you saye, farwell; nay, nay, we departe not soo sone:
Why say ye so? Wheder wyl ye goo: alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde chaunge yf ye were gon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone

He.

I can beleve it shal you greve, and shomwhat you distrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde within a day or tweyne
Shal sone a slake; and ye shal take comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for to make thought your labor were in vayne;
And thus I do, and pray you, loo, as hertely as I can;
For I muste too the grene wode goo, alone a banysshed man.

Ver. 25. grete harme.
Ver. 40. Why sholde ye ought?
Ver. 41. pray you to.

She.

Now syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne lyke as ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not leve behynde.
Shal never be sayd, the Nutbrowne Mayd was to her love unkind;
Make you redy, for soo am I, although it were anoon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

Yet I you rede, take good hede, whan men wyl thinke and sey;
Of yonge and olde it shal be tolde, that ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, in grene wood yon to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo, alone a banysshed man.

She.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge that I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large in hurting of my name.
For I wyl prove that feythful love it is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse to parte with you, the same;
And sure all thoo, that doo not so, trewe lovers ar they noon;
But in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Ver. 49. to take—what men.
Ver. 60. For in my mynde.

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He.

I councel yow, remembre how, it is noo maydens lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hande bere a bowe to bere and drawe,
And, as a theef, thus must ye lyeve, ever in drede and awe;
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow: yet had I lever than
That I had too the grene wod goo alone a banysshed mân.

She.

I thinke not nay; but, as ye saye, it is noo mayden's lore:
But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
To com on fote to hunte and shote to gete us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have, I aske noo more; 70
From whiche to parte it makith myn hert as colde as ony ston,
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, that men hym take and binde
Wythout pytee hanged to bee, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what rescous coude ye finde;
For, sothe, I trowe, you and your bowe shul' drawe for fere behynde:
And noo merveyle; for lytel avayle were in your councel than,
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshed man.

Ver. 63. redy to drawe. *Ver.* 65. Wherby to you.
Ver. 68. as I have sayd. *Ver.* 69. in store.
Ver. 76. ye and your bowe for fere wolde drawe behynde.
Ver. 78. I wyll to the grene wode go.

She.

Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght;
Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde as a knight;
Yet in suche fere yf that yē were amonge enemys day and night,
I wolde wythstande with bowe in hande to greeve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have, from deth many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we must lodge on the playn;
And us above, noon other *rove* (*roof*) but a brake bussh or twayne;
Which sone shulde greve you I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo alone a banysshed man.

She.

Syth I have here ben partynere with you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo endure, as reason is;

Ver. 79. Ryght wele.
Ver. 80. it is.
Ver. 81. with enemyes day or nyght.
Ver. 83. men many one.

Yet am I sure of *oo* (*one*) plesure, and shortly, it is this,
That, where ye bee, meseemeth perde, I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche, I you beseche that we were soon agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mànkynde I love but you alone.

He.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne:
Noon other house but levys and bowes, to kever your hed and myn.
Loo, myn herte swete, this ylle dyet shuld make you pale and wan.
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

She.

Amonge the wylde dere, suche an archier, as men say that ye bee,
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plente,
And water cleere of the ryvere shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele endure, as ye shall see:
And, er we goo, a bed or twoo I can provide anoon,
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Ver. 98. be for you gete.
Ver. 101. O myne.
Ver. 102. Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go.
Ver. 107. or we go.

He.

Loo yet, before, ye must doo more, yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere; your kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande for to withstonde your enmys, yf nede be;
And this same nyght before daylyght, to woodward wyl I flee;
And ye wyl all this fulfylle, doo it shortely as ye can:
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo alone a banysshyd man.

She.

I shal as now do more for you than longeth to womanhod,
To short my here, a bowe to bere, to shote in tyme of nede:
O my swete moder, before all other, for you have I most drede:
But now adiew; I must ensue, wher fortune duth me leede.
All this make ye; now lete us flee; the day cum fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

Nay, nay, not soo; ye shal not goo; and I shal telle you why;
Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I wele aspie;
For right as ye have sayd to me, in lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were, in way of company.
It is sayd of olde, sone hote sone colde; and so is a woman.
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Ver. 113. Yf that he wyll. *Ver.* 123. For, lyke.

She.

Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede suche wordes to say bee me;
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you lovid, perdee;
And though that I of auncestry a baron's doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squyer of lowe degree;
And ever shal, what so befalle; to dey therfore anoon;
For, in my mynde, of al mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

A baron's childe to be begyled, it were a cursed dede;
To be felow with an outlawe, Almyghty God forbede:
Yet bettyr were the power squyer alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye another day that, be wyked dede,
Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good maide, the best red ye I can,
Is that I too the greene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

She.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shal of this thing you upbraid;
But yf ye goo, and leve me soo, than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele, for yf ye, as ye sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde your love, the notbrowne maide,
Trust me truly, that I dey, sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Ver. 121. it is no nede.
Ver. 136. sholde say.
Ver. 136. by my cursed dede.
Ver. 137. the best rede that I can.
Ver. 143. I shall dy.

He.

Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide, whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer than ever ye were; I dare it wel avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe with other as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so wyl I yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

She.

Though in the wood I understode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought; bat that I wil be your;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde, and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle commaunde me to my power;
For had ye, loo, and hundred moo, yet wolde I be that one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

Myn owne dere love, I see the prove, that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf, the best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad; be ho more sad; the case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth you shuld have cause to rew.

Ver. 155. Of them I wolde be one.
Ver. 160. Ye sholde.

Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd to you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo; I am no noo banysshyd man.

She.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the splene.
Ye shape, some wyle me to begyle, and stele fro me I wene;
Then were the case wurs than it was, and I more woo begone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

He.

Ye shal not nede further to drede: I wyl not dispage;
You God defende, sith you descende of so grete a lynage;
Now understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can;
Thus have ye wone an erles son, and not a banysshyd man.

Here may ye see, that wymen be in love, meke, kinde, and stable:
Late never man repreve them than, or calle them variable;
But rather prey God that we may to them be comfortable,
Whiche somtyme provyth suche as loveth, yf they be charitable.

Ver. 169. Dysparage.
Ver. 178. As he loveth.

For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them eche on,
Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but hym alone*.

It is highly probable that this fine old poem was written very shortly after the scene which it commemorates took place, and whilst its singularly interesting result was yet rife amongst the inhabitants of the adjacent district. It may, therefore, without deviating perhaps much from the mark, be attributed to the year 1485, when Henry of Lancaster mounted the throne of these kingdoms. But who the minstrel was, who has thus, in strains of exquisite feeling, so sweetly sung of female truth and constancy, has hitherto escaped all research. As he was certainly a stranger to Arnold in 1502, we may conclude him to have been some obscure and nameless bard of the north of England—some "youth to fortune and to fame unknown;" but

* It will be immediately perceived, that not only occasionally in its readings, but throughout in its spelling, this first edition of the Nut-brown Maid differs from the copy which Dr. Percy followed in his Reliques. With the exception of marking the speakers at the head of each stanza, and now and then interposing a comma, I have faithfully adhered to the original.

who evidently possessed not only great knowledge of the human heart, but skill to picture what he knew.

There is, indeed, so much fidelity to nature in this ballad, in accordance with the situation of the parties, such as the hypothesis I have adopted represents them to be, as to afford strong internal evidence of its direct relation to the peculiar circumstances and character of the Henry lord Clifford who is the subject of the present paper.

We must recollect that this heir of the Cliffords, though from necessity deprived of the education due to his rank, was yet no stranger to the nobility of his birth, a consciousness which would, almost inevitably, give to his bearing and carriage a certain degree of self-confidence and elevation. We also know that he frequently, though secretly, enjoyed the society of his mother, lady Margaret, and of his father-in-law, sir Lancelot; an intercourse which, to those who had the opportunity of familiarly observing him, would insensibly give a polish to his manners that could not fail to be favourably contrasted with the rudeness and rusticity of those who were his daily companions or attendants. If to these features we add, what danger and the ne-

cessity of varied disguise and frequent change of place would certainly bring on, a habit of adventure and romantic expedient, and mingle them with what we know him to have possessed, an amiable disposition and a tender heart, we shall have before us a character of no common interest, and in a high degree calculated to make an indelible impression on a bosom so susceptible, faithful, and affectionate, as that of the Nut-brown Maid.

It has been affirmed by a writer in the Censura Literaria, whom I have quoted in a former part of this paper, that to modernize the Nut-brown Maid appeared to him a *desideratum;* and he tells sir Egerton Brydges, to whom he addresses his remarks, that he should like to see it done by his pen *. I am persuaded, however, that the attempt, whoever might venture upon the task, would not succeed; for who could improve, for instance, such a stanza as is the twentieth of this poem? and there are several others in the same predicament. Prior, we all know, notwithstanding the harmony of his couplets, and the elegancy of his diction, has preserved in his "Henry and Emma," avowedly

* Censura Literaria, vol. vii. p. 98.

founded on this ballad, little or nothing of that exquisite naïveté, and of those touching strokes of nature, which have rendered his original so truly valuable to every lover of simplicity; and such, I have no doubt, will be the result of any future effort to polish and refine what must necessarily, under such a process, fade away, like the fresh dew of morning on the flower when smitten by a scorching sun.

[*To be continued.*]

No. V.

The miracle of our age,
Sir Philip Sidney.

CAMDEN*.

The subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister.

BEN JONSON.

THERE is not upon record, perhaps, a more illustrious and interesting instance of the mutual affection of brother and sister than that which subsisted between the celebrated sir Philip Sidney, and Mary, countess of Pembroke; an affection not merely founded on the bonds of relationship, but cemented into the firmest friendship by a perfect congeniality in manners, tastes, and dispositions.

It is ever a useful and delightful occupation to bring forward characters such as these, however much they may have been previously noticed and admired; and more peculiarly appropriate is it at the present time, when a truly valuable work, which

* Remaines concerning Britaine. Edit. 1614. p. 44.

had hitherto lain concealed in manuscript, the joint production of sir Philip and his sister, and one of the strongest proofs of their piety and reciprocal attachment, has within these three years been given to the public. To notice, indeed, this monument of family genius and devotional taste, without in some degree dwelling on the beauty of the characters to whom we owe it, would be, in fact, to strip the critique of no inconsiderable portion of its interest.

No children could be more fortunate than were Philip Sidney and his sister, in the possession of parents whose lives were a model for all that is great and good. Their father, sir Henry Sidney, the beloved and confidential friend of Edward the Sixth, was not more eminent for his talents in public than for his virtues in private life, whilst at the same time he stood confessedly inferior to none in the learning and accomplishments of his age. Nor was their mother, lady Mary, the eldest daughter of John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, who perished on the scaffold for his attachment to the exemplary but ill-starred lady Jane Grey, in any degree less distinguished in her sphere; one, indeed, if not of equal splendour and publicity with that

in which her husband moved, yet to her children, and, through their example, to the world at large, not less useful and honourable; for, with abilities every way adequate to the task of instruction, and with a devotedness and sense of duty which rendered her exertions a never-failing source of gratification and delight, she gave up her time almost exclusively to the early education of her offspring, superintending not only their initiation into the principles of religion and virtue, but directing their studies, and regulating, and even partaking in their sports and relaxations.

In this pleasing, and, in every point of view, highly important occupation, lady Sidney was powerfully supported and assisted by her husband, whenever the numerous duties which awaited him in public life would allow of his reposing in the bosom of his family. Nor was the reward which followed this assiduity beneath their fondest hopes and warmest aspirations; for it may be truly said, that English history can scarcely show two characters more thoroughly good and amiable than were sir Philip Sidney and his beloved sister.

At a very early period, indeed, and when but a mere boy in age, we are told by one who knew him

well, that young Sidney never appeared to him other than a man in mind and carriage; that though grave beyond his years, so lovely and unaffected was the seriousness of his disposition, as to give him grace and reverence in every eye; and that such was his industry and thirst of knowledge when placed at school, that his father then termed him, with prophetic intuition, *Lumen familiæ suæ*, the bright ornament of his family*.

We are fortunately in possession of documents, which not only confirm this assertion as to the precocity of the son, but place the parental affection of sir Henry and lady Sidney in a singularly prominent and interesting light. They consist of a letter by the former and a postcript by the latter, addressed to their little Philip, then at school at Shrewsbury, and when not more than twelve years of age. He had, it seems, written two letters to his father, one in Latin and the other in French; and the reply of sir Henry to these striking proofs of his son's successful application to his studies may be justly considered as one of the most precious manuals of instruction which was ever drawn

* Sir Fulke Greville's Life of Sir Philip Sidney, p. 6.

up by a parent for the use of his child; nor is it possible to avoid paying a tribute of admiration and esteem to the pure maternal tenderness which breathes through every line of lady Mary's concluding appeal. I deem it, indeed, a peculiar happiness belonging to the subject which I have chosen, that I have it in my power to transfer these invaluable reliques to my pages, allowing myself no other liberty whilst copying them, than that of accommodating their orthography to the usage of the present times.

Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, in 1566, *then being of the age of twelve years.*

"I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action

be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time, I know, he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read as well as the words: so shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you.. Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more

lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, least being enforced to drink upon the sudden you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you grateful in each company, and, otherwise, loathsome. Give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do any thing when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect to the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each

assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampered up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that member. Above all things, tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth, for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied: so shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think that only, by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my little *Philip*, this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that

this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

" Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,

" H. SYDNEY*."

* The original of this letter was found among the manuscripts deposited in the library at Penshurst.

" Of Penshurst," remarks sir Egerton Brydges, " where Sidney was born, there is a curious engraving by Vertue inserted in the first volume of Hasted's history of the county. Its rude grandeur, its immense hall, its castellated form, its numerous apartments, well accord with the images of chivalry which the memory of Sidney inspires."

The following sonnet, from the pen of the learned baronet, still further depicts, in colours worthy of the subject, the desolated state of this venerable mansion:

SONNET

WRITTEN AT PENSHURST, 1795.

Behold thy triumphs, Time! what silence reigns
Along these lofty and majestic walls!
Ah! where are regal Sidney's* pompous trains?
Where Philip's tuneful lyre†, whose dying falls
Could melt the yielding nymphs and love-sick swains?

* Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President of the marches, who kept his court at Ludlow castle.

† Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

A postscript by my lady Sydney, in the skirts of my lord president's letter to her said son Philip.

"YOUR noble and careful father hath taken pains (with his own hand) to give you in this his letter, so wise, so learned, and most requisite precepts, for you to follow with a diligent and humble thankful mind, as I will not withdraw your eyes from beholding and reverent honouring the same; no, not so long time as to read any letter from me: and, therefore, at this time I will write unto you no other letter than this; whereby I first bless you, with my desire to God to plant in you his grace; and, secondarily, warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind these excellent counsels of my lord, your dear father, and that you fail not

Ah! where the undaunted figure that appals
E'en heroes? where the lute, that on the plains
The bending trees* round Sacharissa calls?
And are they fled? their day 's for ever past!
Heroes and poets moulder in the earth!
No sound is heard but of the wailing blast,
Through the lone rooms, where echoed crowded mirth!
Yet on their semblance Melancholy pores,
And all the faded splendour soon restores!

BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER, vol. i. pp. 293—294.

* Alluding to Waller's lines written at Penshurst.

continually once in four or five days to read them over.

"And for a final leave-taking for this time, see that you show yourself as a loving, obedient scholar to your good master, to govern you yet many years; and that my lord and I may hear that you profit so in your learning, as thereby you may increase our loving care of you, and deserve at his hands the continuance of his great joy, to have him often witness with his own hand the hope he hath in your well doing.

"Farewell, my little Philip, and once again the Lord bless you! Your loving mother,

"MARY SIDNEY *."

It may readily be conceived that under the eye of parents such as these (for at this time sir Henry Sidney was residing at Ludlow Castle, not far from Shrewsbury, as lord president of the marches of Wales), their little Philip would, from what has

* This postscript is taken from an unique copy of sir Henry's letter, in the hands of Thomas Park, esq., and which was printed at London by T. Dawson, 1591, with an epitaph on sir Henry Sidney, signed Wm. Griffith.—Vide Lord Orford's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, by Park, vol. ii. p. 192.

been said of the promise of his earliest years, in every respect fulfil their expectations. He was, in short, a most ardent and indefatigable student; and when, shortly afterwards, he went to Oxford, then under the chancellorship of his uncle, Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, such was the reputation which he sustained in that university, as a scholar of first-rate attainments, that it was thought worthy of record on the tomb of his tutor, Dr. Thomas Thornton, one of the most learned men of his age, that he had been "the tutor of sir Philip Sidney, when of Christ-church." Nor was he less distinguished at Cambridge, where he resided for a short time after leaving Oxford; a change of situation which afforded him an opportunity of acquiring the esteem and admiration of many of its most celebrated members, and among the rest, of his relation and subsequent biographer, Mr. Fulke Greville.

Having laid a solid foundation on the basis of classical learning, it was thought necessary, in order to complete the superstructure, that he should visit foreign countries; and, accordingly, at the age of eighteen, Mr. Sidney obtained permission from queen Elizabeth to travel for two years on the continent. He passed through France, Germany,

Hungary, Italy, and Belgium, not with the rapidity and idle curiosity of a common-place tourist, but with a mind prepared to comprehend and digest whatever of value might be presented to it in manners, customs, literature, and legislation. He became, in fact, during this short sojourn abroad, from the brilliancy of his talents and the amiability of his disposition, the friend and favourite of some of the first literary characters of which continental Europe could then boast: of Hubert Languet, of Torquato Tasso, of Zacharias Ursinus, of Johannes Serranus, of Mornay Du Plessis, of Scipio Gentilis, of Henry Stephens, of Theophilus Banosius, and of Peter Ramus; men not less remarkable for their virtues than for their mental energies and profound learning.

Nor were the accomplishments demanded for the formation of the noble and chivalric cavalier in any degree forgotten; for no one, perhaps, ever availed himself with more complete success of the many opportunities which Vienna and other large capitals on the continent afforded for acquiring perfection in all the various arts, martial or ornamental, which war or peace might call for, than young Sidney. In short, whether in the tournament or the lady's

bower, in the field of diversion or in the culture of the fine arts, his skill, his courtesy, and his taste, drew alike from valour, beauty, and from genius, a sincere and ample eulogy.

Thus furnished, both by art and nature, he returned to England in May 1575, to become an object of almost unprecedented love and admiration to his native country; for, as Fuller has tersely observed, "his homebred abilities travel had perfected, and a sweet nature set a gloss upon both:" and he adds, that "he was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a complete master of matter and language."

It was not long before Elizabeth, who possessed in a pre-eminent degree the happy talent of discovering and appreciating merit, and who had honoured young Sidney by many marks of peculiar favour and distinction, determined on calling his powers into exertion for the benefit of his country, by appointing him to an important embassy to the court of Vienna, with the ostensible purpose, indeed, of condoling with the emperor Rodolph, but with the further and more important view of uniting the protestant states in a defensive league

against the ecclesiastical tyranny of the papal see, and the bigotry of Spain. In this he completely succeeded, evincing, at the early age of twenty-two, a sagacity, penetration, and knowledge of mankind, which would have done honour to the most mature years. It was on his return home from this embassy that, being directed to visit the court of John Casimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine, he became intimately acquainted with William prince of Orange, the most disinterested patriot, and altogether one of the best and greatest characters to which modern history has borne record. It speaks volumes, indeed, in support of the sterling worth and intellectual superiority of Sidney, that this firm friend of public virtue and rational liberty placed a high value on both the heart and head of our young diplomatist, and maintained with him a constant correspondence on the most important political transactions which were then agitating Europe.

When Mr. Sidney reached England in 1577, after this embassy to the imperial Rodolph, there was not, perhaps, in the court of Elizabeth an individual who could, in all the various qualities necessary to constitute the perfect cavalier, in any degree compete with him. From this period, indeed,

to that in which he embarked on his unfortunate expedition to the Netherlands, an interval of about eight years, he might be considered as the model to which all the aspiring youth of England endeavoured to conform themselves; not merely as an exemplar of chivalric excellence, but as one also exhibiting, in the most enlarged and liberal import of the terms, the finished gentleman and scholar. He was, in truth, the munificent and unrivalled patron of whatever contributed to extend the bounds of learning, art, or science. How he fostered and supported the rising talents of a Raleigh and a Spenser, is well known to fame; but it should also be remembered, that he who knew him best has declared, that "there was not a cunning painter, a skilful engineer, an excellent musician, or any other artificer of extraordinary fame, that did not make himself known to this famous spirit, and found him his true friend without hire *."

Nor was he less a friend to his country in a political point of view; for when the queen, in 1579, showed a strong inclination to form a matrimonial union with Henry duke of Anjou, a connexion

* Sir Fulke Greville's Life of Sir Philip Sidney, p. 39.

which would in all probability have struck at the very foundations of our religion and liberty, Mr. Sidney had the address, by a letter couched in the most elegant style of the age, yet written, at the same time, with great strength of argument and openness of opinion, to awaken her apprehensions for the result, and finally to induce her to break off all negotiations on the subject; and this, too, notwithstanding the extreme delicacy and hazard of such a discussion, without giving her the smallest offence.

When Elizabeth, one of the most sagacious monarchs that ever filled the throne of England, thus deferred to the judgment of Philip Sidney, let us recollect that her youthful counsellor had but just completed his twenty-fifth year; and yet, although learned and accomplished for his age almost beyond all precedent, acquisitions which must necessarily have absorbed a vast portion of his time, he had nevertheless obtained such a knowledge of men, manners, and legislation, as would have done honour to the oldest head. Nor, what is praise surpassing every other, were the qualities of his heart less estimable than those of his intellect; a combination which rendered him, even amongst his own

familiar friends and relations, an object of as much deference and admiration as with the public, who viewed him, comparatively, at a distance. No stronger proof of this can be given than that his father, a man himself, as we have seen, of high endowments both in a mental and a moral light, and intrusted with important duties, looked up to him at this very period, and not in vain, for counsel, consolation, and protection; and when writing shortly afterwards to his second son, Robert Sidney, thus pours forth his heart in the following affecting eulogy on the virtues of his eldest born. "Follow," he says, "the advice of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions: he is a rare ornament of his age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or myself, he hath the most virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine, but his practices. Seek the

knowledge of the estate of every prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge: by the other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. Once again I say, imitate him." And in a subsequent letter to the same son, after repeating similar advice, he concludes in a strain than which nothing can be more truly affectionate and impressive. "God bless you, my sweet child, in this world and for ever, as I in this world find myself happy in my children;" a sentence which at once assures us that in the family of sir Henry Sidney there dwelt peace, and piety, and home-felt happiness, with as little alloy as the tenure of humanity will admit.

It is impossible, indeed, to view without astonishment the varied and opposed qualities and accomplishments which at this period, namely, that of 1580, centred in the person of Philip Sidney; for with a mind stored with the richest products of ancient and modern literature, with a disposition naturally grave, and even pensive, and with a heart sighing for leisure and retirement, he was yet,

though avowedly disgusted with the life of a courtier *, the very life and animating spirit of the gorgeous court of Elizabeth, the first and leading star in the joust, the triumph, and the tournament!

Yet thus acting a part which, though at first highly flattering to his chivalric enthusiasm, every day became less congenial with his more serious thoughts and studies, little was wanting to accelerate what may be, perhaps, justly termed his romantic scheme of retirement; and this occurred in the person of Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, who having personally insulted Mr. Sidney whilst playing at tennis, the latter, deprived by the interposition of the queen of the satisfaction of calling his adversary to arms, and impatient of the smallest intrenchment on his honour, retired to Wilton, the seat of his brother-in-law, the earl of Pembroke, to recover, in the society of his beloved sister, and in

* See his letters about this period, written to his great and learned friend Hubert Languet, in which he expresses so decided an aversion to a court life, and so much love for privacy and the society of a few select friends, as to draw from his sage Mentor a remonstrance against the indulgence of feelings incompatible with the duties which he owed to himself, his family, and his country.

the composition of his *Arcadia*, that peace of mind which had been broken in upon by the insolence of folly and caprice.

Of this beautiful romance, once the favourite of Shakspeare and of Milton, and which, as being chiefly written for the gratification and amusement of his sister, and subsequently revised and corrected by her pen, has been, not unaptly, termed *the countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, I shall with pleasure speak again, when noticing the character of this accomplished lady; and in the meanwhile, proceeding with the sketch of her noble-minded brother, we find him, in the year following this unhappy dispute with lord Oxford, taking an active part in the house of commons, as one of the knights in parliament for the county of Kent, and at the same time employing his leisure in composing his admirable "Defence of Poesy," not only one of the first, but also one of the best pieces of criticism in our language.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary talents, and not unimportant services of Mr. Sidney, he remained for some years, with the sole exception of being appointed cup-bearer to the queen, unrewarded by her majesty; but in the month of

January, 1583, being nominated by John Casimir, prince palatine of the Rhine, his proxy at an approaching installation of the knights of the garter, Elizabeth was pleased to confer upon him, at Windsor Castle, the honour of knighthood; and to this accession of dignity she, about the same time, added the emoluments arising from a sinecure in Wales.

A few months after these events sir Philip conducted to the altar the only surviving daughter of that great and patriotic statesman, sir Francis Walsingham; a young lady, who had won his affections not so much by her personal attractions, though great, as by the virtues of her heart and the amiability of her disposition.

The domestic happiness of sir Philip Sidney, however, was in some measure alloyed by the perturbed state of the kingdom; for, in 1584, so many conspiracies were formed against the person of the queen, that she became greatly and justly alarmed; and, in order to dissipate her apprehensions, her nobility and gentry entered into an association, with the earl of Leicester at their head, to prosecute to the death all who should be found plotting against the welfare of their sovereign; and amongst the

most zealous of these associators was enrolled, as might have been expected, sir Philip Sidney. The character of Leicester, however, was not such as could stand uninjured against the assaults of his enemies, and his present situation laid him open to so many serious exposures, that, in an unfortunate hour, his nephew was induced, by his zeal for the family reputation, to become the vindicator of his fame. He replied, therefore, to the noted work of Parsons the Jesuit, entitled "Leicester's Commonwealth*;" but, whilst he exhibited much talent

* It is in this book that Leicester is charged with the murder of his first wife, who, Parsons relates, was thrown down stairs by his orders at Cumner Hall, near Abington in Berkshire, so that her neck was broken. Various attempts were made, from high authority, to disprove this report, but in vain, for it still remains on the page of history as a credited statement, and is thus recorded by the last topographer of Berkshire.

"Cumner House, in Berkshire, was the seat of Anthony Foster, esq., who lies buried in Cumner church. His epitaph represents him as a very amiable man, very learned, a great musician, builder, and planter; but his character stands by no means clear of the imputation of having been accessary to the murder of the countess of Leicester, at his own house at Cumner, whither she was sent for that purpose by her husband. Sir Richard Verney, one of the earl's re-

and ingenuity, left, as might have been anticipated, the most heinous charges unrefuted. That sir

tainers, was the chief agent in this horrid business *. A chamber is shown in the ruined mansion, which adjoins the churchyard at Cumner, called the Dudley chamber, where the countess is said to have been murdered, and afterwards thrown down stairs, to make it appear that her death was accidental. She was buried at Cumner, but her body was afterwards removed to St. Mary's church in Oxford."—LYSONS's MAGNA BRITANNIA, vol. i. p. 270.

To this tragical event we are indebted for a very interesting ballad, and a still more interesting romance. The ballad is the production of Mickle, the celebrated translator of the Lusiad of Camoens, and opens in the following picturesque manner:

The dews of summer nighte did falle,
The moone (sweete regente of the skye)
Silver'd the walles of Cumner-Halle,
And manye an oake that grewe therebye.

The countess is then heard lamenting, at considerable length, and in a manner truly pathetic, her forlorn and destitute state, expressing, as she closes the enumeration of her sorrows, her apprehensions of a violent and near-approaching death, a catastrophe with whose relation the poem most impressively terminates:

Thus sore and sad that ladie griev'd,
In Cumner-Halle so lone and dreare;
And many a heartfelte sigh shee heav'd,
And let falle manye a bitter teare.

* See Ashmole's Berkshire.

Philip really believed his uncle much less criminal than he was represented to be, there can be little

And ere the dawne of daye appear'd,
In Cumner-Halle so lone and dreare,
Full manye a piercing screame was hearde,
And many a crye of mortal feare.

The death-belle thrice was hearde to ring,
An aërial voyce was hearde to calle,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wyng
Arounde the towers of Cumner-Halle.

The mastiffe howl'd at village doore,
The oaks were shatter'd on the greene;
Woe was the houre—for never more
That haplesse countesse e'er was seene.

And in that manor now no more
Is chearful feaste and sprightly balle;
For ever since that dreary houre
Have spirits haunted Cumner-Halle.

The village maides, with fearful glance,
Avoid the antient moss-growne walle;
Nor ever leade the merrye dance
Among the groves of Cumner-Halle.

Full manye a traveller oft hath sigh'd
And pensive wepte the countesse' falle,
As wand'ring onwards they 've espied
The haunted tow'rs of Cumner-Halle.

It need scarcely be added, that the romance to which I

doubt; but he ought not to have undertaken the task of exculpation without sufficient *data* adequate to ensure his triumph. So little satisfactory, indeed, was his answer deemed, that its circulation was limited to its manuscript state, and it was not committed to the press until it appeared among the Sidney papers published towards the middle of the last century.

It was during this year, or at the commencement of the next, that sir Philip and his friend, sir Fulke Greville, from their intimacy with sir Francis Drake, had imbibed an enthusiastic desire to accompany that celebrated circumnavigator in his next voyage to America. Drake was now in the zenith of his reputation, having spread the fame and glory of his country to the most distant quarters of the globe; through seas where sail had never before been unfurled, and through nations whose existence had not even been conjectured; and such was the spirit of enterprise and adventure to which his suc-

have alluded is the well-known "Kenilworth" of sir Walter Scott, one of the most beautiful products of his fertile and imaginative pen; and in which he has wrought up this melancholy story with all that effective circumstantiality and historical verisimilitude for which he is so justly admired.

cess had given birth, that volunteers started from every rank and class of society; nor was sir Philip Sidney, with all his love of literary leisure, and though surrounded by every domestic attraction, proof against the contagion. He was, it appears, to have had the chief direction of the expedition, and had promised to supply, at his own expense, not only a naval but a land armament. With whatever secrecy, however, the design was carried on, and it had been the aim of sir Philip to conceal it entirely from the queen, the affair soon transpired, and her majesty immediately interfered to arrest his purpose, issuing peremptory orders against his joining the fleet; an injunction which, as the voyage ultimately proved disastrous, saved him from mortification, if not disgrace.

A still more tempting lure for his ambition occurred very shortly after this compulsory relinquishment of the American expedition; for, in 1585, the elective throne of Poland being vacated by the death of Stephen Bathori, prince of Transylvania, sir Philip Sidney, such was the estimation in which his character was held throughout Europe, was enrolled among the competitors for the crown. Elizabeth, however, who, as Osborne observes, could

not endure to see her subjects wear the titles of a foreign prince*, refused her assent, alleging as her reason that she could not bear to lose the jewel of her times. Sir Philip prudently acquiesced in the decision, declaring, in language which could not fail to please the ear of his sovereign, that he preferred rather to be "a subject to queen Elizabeth than a sovereign beyond the seas."

To compensate, in some degree, the disappointment arising from these repeated refusals, the queen, who really loved and admired the character of sir Philip, and had already made him a privy councillor; seized the first opportunity of promoting him to a situation in which he might have a field for displaying the heroism of his nature. The protestants of the Netherlands, oppressed by the bigotry and tyranny of the duke of Alva, had applied to her, during the summer of 1585, for assistance; and having promised them military aid, she, on the 7th of November of the same year, appointed sir Philip Sidney lord governor of Flushing, and, subsequently, general of the horse, under his uncle, the earl of Leicester.

* Miscellaneous works, vol. i. p. 14.

Sir Philip, who not unjustly considered himself, on this occasion, as the champion of rational liberty and pure religion, entered into the cause with the utmost cheerfulness and enthusiasm, prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice both his property and his life in its behalf. He reached Flushing on the 18th of November, was received with every demonstration of joy and gratitude, and immediately appointed colonel of the Dutch forces; and had he remained sole in command, had the earl of Leicester never been sent as general-in-chief of the English auxiliaries, the dissensions which shortly afterwards broke out among the principal officers, and in fact frustrated the objects of the expedition, had not in all probability occurred. Sir Philip strained every nerve, though with little success, to compose and reconcile their differences; and all that his personal efforts and limited command could effect in a military capacity was exerted to the utmost. In July 1586, he exhibited very remarkable skill and address in the surprise and capture of Axell, a town in Flanders, which he effected without the loss of a single soldier, an advantage, however, which weighed but as a grain in the balance, when put in competition with the irreparable loss which

speedily followed; for, on the 22d day of the ensuing September, in endeavouring to stop a convoy of the enemy on its road to Zutphen, sir Philip, after every effort of the most heroic valour, after having rescued lord Willoughby, surrounded by his foes, from instant danger of death, and after having thrice charged the enemy in one skirmish, fell, in the moment of decisive victory over a very superior force, by a bullet received in his left thigh, and which, after much suffering from excruciating pain, but borne with unparalleled fortitude, proved fatal on the 17th of the following October.

There is not, perhaps, an incident upon record attended with circumstances more thoroughly declaratory of a great and noble mind, or more strikingly illustrative of exemplary fortitude, resignation, and self-denial, than what occurred almost immediately after Sidney had received his death's wound. It is an anecdote which, however well known, cannot, from the genuine goodness of heart which it evinces, be too often repeated. *As sir Philip was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty, with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought, and had no sooner approached his lips,*

than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice, uttering these ever-memorable words—"THY NECESSITY IS YET GREATER THAN MINE*."

* It is somewhat remarkable that this memorable instance of self-denying heroism, so well calculated in all its circumstances for striking effect, should not have attracted the notice of our artists before Hayley recommended it to the pencil of Romney in the following beautiful lines:

Shall Bayard, glorious in his dying hour,
Of Gallic chivalry the fairest flower;
Shall his pure blood in British colours flow,
And BRITAIN on her canvas fail to show
Her wounded SIDNEY, Bayard's perfect peer,
SIDNEY, her knight, without reproach or fear,
O'er whose pale corse heroic worth should bend,
And mild humanity embalm her friend!.
Oh! Romney, in his hour of death we find
A subject worthy of thy feeling mind.
Methinks I see thy rapid hand display
The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,
When arm'd for freedom, 'gainst the guilt of Spain,
The hero bled upon the Belgic plain.
In that great moment thou hast caught the chief,
When pitying friends supply the wish'd relief,
While sickness, pain, and thirst, his power subdue,
I see the draught he pants for in his view:
Near him the soldier that expiring lies
This precious water views with ghastly eyes—
With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,
With eager, frantic, agonizing thirst:

It can scarcely be necessary to say, after recording this almost unrivalled instance of self-denying

> I see the hero give, oh generous care!
> The cup untasted to this silent prayer;
> I hear him say, with tenderness divine,
> "Thy strong necessity surpasses mine."
>
> EPISTLE TO AN EMINENT PAINTER, Part ii. l. 431.

Whether the suggestion was ever carried into execution by Romney, I know not; but, however this may have been, it did not fail to produce its full effect in another quarter; for, not long afterwards, Mr. West presented his country with a noble picture on the subject, of which the following description has been given by Mr. Valentine Green:

"The centre of the composition is occupied by the wounded hero, sir Philip Sidney, seated on a litter, who, whilst his wound is dressing by the attending surgeons, is ordering the water (which is pouring out for him, to allay the extreme thirst he suffered from the loss of blood), to be given to a wounded soldier, to whom he points in the second group to his right, who had cast a longing look towards it. Behind, and to the left of Sidney, his uncle, the earl of Leicester, in dark armour, is discovered as commander-in-chief issuing his orders to the surrounding cavalry, as engaged in the confusion of the contending armies. Among the several spirited war-horses that are introduced, that of Sidney, a white horse, is seen under the management of his servant, but still restive and ungovernable. The portrait of the artist is found to the right of the picture, the figure leaning on a horse in the foreground, and contemplating the interesting scene before him. The back-ground, and to the extreme distance of the horizon, the movements of the armies and the rage of battle are

virtue, that the period which elapsed between his wound and his departure was passed by sir Philip in preparing for eternity, with the faith and devotional fervor of a Christian. As an example which might greatly benefit others, he made a public confession of his faith to the ministers who encircled his bed; a confession which is said "to have been such as no book but the heart could truly and feelingly deliver." Nothing indeed could transcend the piety and tranquillity with which this great and amiable man awaited the approach of death. He had delighted, notwithstanding his pain and languor, to discourse with his friends on the sublimest truths of religion, on the immortality of the soul, and the state of the blessed hereafter; and such, on the day of his decease, was the perfect serenity of his mind, that, after dictating a codicil to his will, he expressed a wish for music, and particularly for the performance of a solemn ode, which he had composed on the probable issue of the accident

every where visible, enveloped in an atmosphere that has fixed upon it the true aspect of danger and dismay, as legibly as the plastic art can possibly depict their terrors to the feeling mind."—Vide Zouch's Memoirs of the Life of Sidney, 4t. p. 385.

which had befallen him. And thus, with every faculty soothed to peace and harmony, he turned his dying eyes upon his brother, and bade him farewell, in language worthy of being held in everlasting remembrance: "Love my memory," he exclaimed; "cherish my friends: their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affection by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities;" and having said this, he expired in the arms of his secretary and beloved friend, Mr. William Temple.

Thus perished, in his thirty-second year, one of the best and most accomplished characters of the sixteenth century; one who, notwithstanding the early period at which he was cut off, had acquired throughout Europe a greater degree of celebrity than any individual perhaps of his age. So deeply was his loss felt in England, that a general mourning, the first instance of the kind remembered for a private person, was observed for him throughout the upper ranks of society, "no gentleman for many months appearing in a gay or gaudy dress either in the city or the court."

Every honour, indeed, which could emanate

either from public or private affection, was paid to his remains. They were deposited, even with splendid testimonies of national regard, in the cathedral of St. Paul's*; and the two universities vied with each other in lamenting his loss, publishing not less than three volumes of verses in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Italian, as tributes to his memory and his virtues.

Yet, of all the *eulogia* which have been passed on the character of sir Philip Sidney, not one, either of old or modern date, has equalled that which flowed from the pen of Camden; a testimony the more valuable as it was written by one not prone to enthusiastic admiration, but who, whilst he enjoyed the great advantage of knowing the individual whom he described, intimately and well, was, at the same time, both as an antiquary and historian, in the habit of expressing himself with soberness and truth.

"Philip Sidney, not to be omitted here without an unpardonable crime, the great glory of his fa-

* "The funeral procession," says Berkenhout, after Granger, "was so uncommonly magnificent as to be deemed a subject worthy of the pencil of Lant, an eminent designer. It was afterwards engraved on thirty-four plates by Theodore de Brie, a native of Liege." Biographia Literaria, p. 384.

mily, the great hopes of mankind, the most lively pattern of virtue, and the darling of the world, nobly engaging the enemy at Zutphen in Guelderland, lost his life bravely and valiantly. This is that Sidney, whom as Providence seems to have sent into the world to give the present age a specimen of the ancients, so did it on a sudden recall him, and snatch him from us, as more worthy of heaven than of earth. Thus when virtue has come to perfection it presently leaves us, and the best things are seldom lasting. Rest, then, in peace, O Sidney! if I may be allowed this address. We will not celebrate thy memory with tears, but with admiration. 'Whatever we loved in thee' (as the best author speaks of the best governor of Britain), 'whatever we admired in thee continues, and will continue in the memories of men, the revolutions of ages, and the annals of time *. Many, as being inglorious and ignoble, are buried in oblivion, but Sidney shall live to all posterity.' For, as the

* "Quidquid ex Agricolâ amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet, mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, famâ rerum. Nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet; Agricola posteritate superstes erit." C. Cornel. Taciti Agricolæ Vita, 46.

Greek poet has it, 'Virtue is beyond the reach of Fate*.'"

After such an eulogy, and from such a quarter, I know not that any thing material can be added, except what shall result from a more extended consideration of that beautiful feature in the character of sir Philip Sidney with which this essay opened, his strong affection for, and admiration of, his sister; an attachment which, as exclusively founded on the singular piety, virtue, and talents of that celebrated lady, tends not only to throw a lustre of the most endearing and fascinating kind over the literary and chivalric laurels which so conspicuously bind the brow of Sidney, but to develope with peculiar strength and clearness his social, moral, and devotional feelings.

It is evident, however, that, for this purpose, it will be necessary to give some account of the character, disposition, and pursuits of the countess of Pembroke; and the following paper will therefore open with a slight sketch of her life, which may be considered under a secondary point of view, as preparatory to a few critical remarks on her writings

* Αρετην χρυσοτης ουσι μοιρα.

and those of her brother. For as the literary labours of sir Philip were not published until after his death, and as these, when they did see the light, were revised, corrected, and improved, sometimes by the pen, and sometimes by the counsel, of lady Pembroke; and as one of them, on which it is my purpose to dwell more at length, was written in conjunction with him, and has only very lately issued from its manuscript state, the propriety of postponing a farther notice of works thus situated, until *both* parties have been brought before us, will be obvious, more especially when it shall be found that between sir Philip and his sister there existed an affinity, truly remarkable, in genius, taste, and disposition.

No. VI.

Urania, sister unto Astrophel,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich than pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.

SPENSER.

MARY SIDNEY, afterwards countess of Pembroke, the amiable and accomplished, and only surviving sister of sir Philip Sidney, was born about the middle of the sixteenth century. The utmost attention was paid to her education; and being gifted by nature with quick and lively parts, she made a rapid progress in all the literature of her age. It speaks highly, indeed, in favour of her genius and talents, that, at a time when the example of the queen had rendered learning a fashionable acquirement among the ladies of her court, she became the brightest star in the galaxy which surrounded her throne.

The foundation for this superiority was, no doubt, laid in the love and emulation which, at a very

early age, existed between her and her brother. Until the latter went to Shrewsbury, they appear to have been educated together; and we know that when he entered the busy world, his reputation, welfare, and example, were ever dearest to her heart. They were, in fact, both in person and mind, the counterparts of each other; so that when Spenser in his pastoral elegy, intitled "Astrophel," is about to introduce a dirge written by the countess herself on the death of sir Philip, he designates her as

> The gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
> And most resembling, both in shape and spright,
> Her brother deare *.

Another advantage of a similar kind which the fair subject of our narrative enjoyed may be attributed to her union with Henry Herbert, earl of Pembroke. To this nobleman, who is represented as a great friend and patron of religion and learning †, she was married during the early part of the year 1576, a connexion which appears to have been ardently desired by her father, sir Henry Sidney.

* Vide Todd's Spenser, vol. viii. p. 61.

† Vide Granger's Biographical History of England, vol. i. p. 200.

I know not, in truth, a more decisive proof of the estimable character of the earl, than what this anxiety on the part of so great and good a man as sir Henry to obtain his alliance offers to our view. Yet the letter in which this anxiety is expressed cannot but afford pain to the reader, when he finds in it a confession of the utter inability of the parent to give an adequate portion to his daughter. It is addressed to the earl of Leicester, and, when the abilities and integrity of the writer are duly weighed, must be considered as reflecting no little discredit on the government which could leave such a servant to endure the stings of poverty and neglect. After expatiating on the honour which the projected alliance would confer on his house, sir Henry thus proceeds: "I have," he says, "so joyfully at heart this happy advancement of my child, that I would lie a year in close prison rather than it should break. But, alas! my dearest lord, mine ability answereth not my hearty desire. I am poor; mine estate, as well in livelod and moveable, is not unknown to your lordship, which wanteth much to make me able to equal that which I know my lord of Pembroke may have. Two thousand pounds, I confess, I have bequeathed her, which your lordship knoweth

I might better spare her when I were dead than one thousand living; and, in troth, my lord, I have it not; but borrow it I must, and so I will: and if your lordship will get me leave, that I may feed my eyes with that joyful sight of their coupling, I will give her a cup worth five hundreth pounds. Good, my lord, bear with my poverty; for, if I had it, little would I regard any sum of money, but willingly would give it, protesting before the Almighty God, that if he and all the powers on earth would give me my choice for a husband for her, I would choose the earl of Pembroke *."

It throws a powerfully alleviating light over the dark picture of Leicester's life, that he nobly and munificently came forward on this occasion, and a sufficient dower was no longer wanting to complete the gratification of sir Henry, and the happiness of his highly-deserving daughter.

It was about four years subsequent to this event that the countess of Pembroke, as I have mentioned in the preceding paper, had the pleasure of her brother's company during the summer months at Wilton, the beautiful seat of her lord; and here it

* Zouch's Memoirs of the Life of Sidney, p. 105.

was that, with the view of dissipating his chagrin, she engaged him in the composition of the ARCADIA. The tradition of the place records, that the greater part of this romance was written in the adjacent woods; and if so, the countess must, from the tenor of her brother's dedication to her, have been the constant companion of his walks. If any thing, indeed, were required to prove the love and reverence which this noble youth cherished for his sister, this Epistle Dedicatory, prefixed to the work in its manuscript state, and which I shall now copy for the satisfaction of my readers, would amply do it. It bears a striking testimony also to the modest estimation in which he held his own talents, not unfrequently one of the surest indications of true genius.

"*To my dear Lady and Sister, the Countess of Pembroke.*

"HERE now have you (most dear, and most worthy to be most dear lady) this idle work of mine, which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth, (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to

the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child which I am loth to father. But *you desired me to do it*, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you: if you keep it to yourself, or to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For, indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, *being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence*, the rest, by sheets, sent unto you as fast as they were done. In summe, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were (and shall be, when God will), having many, many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in than that they got out. But his chief safety shall be the not walking abroad, and his chief protection the bearing the livery of your name, which, if much good-will do not deceive me, is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know the virtue so;

and this say I, because it may be ever so, or, to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff than, as in a haberdasher's shop, glasses or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most heartily prays you may long live to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneis.

"Your loving brother,

"PHILIP SIDNEY *.

The premature and sudden death of sir Philip prevented not only the completion of the *Arcadia*, but his giving that revision, polish, and arrangement to the parts of it already written, which he had fully intended. So sensible was he, indeed, of its defects, that he is said on his death-bed to have requested, after the example of Virgil with regard

* From "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the seventh time published, with some new Additions. With the supplement of a Defect in the third part of this History, by Sir W. A. Knight. Whereunto is now added a sixth Booke, by R. B. of Lincolne's Inne, Esq. London: Printed by H. and R. Y. and are sold by R. Moore, in S. Dunstan's Church-yard, 1629."

to the Æneid, that it might be committed to the flames.

It had, however, as we have just seen, been placed, whilst in manuscript, under the protection of his beloved sister; and so greatly was it endeared to her heart by every past and present association, that as soon as the first agonies of her grief for his loss had subsided, she sate down with a melancholy pleasure to the task of correcting and improving it. It would appear, in fact, from an address to the reader, prefixed to several of the folio editions of the Arcadia, and signed with the initials H. S., that the labours of the countess of Pembroke in these departments were carried to such an extent as might warrant us in considering this romance as being truly, and beyond what is usually supposed, the joint production of the brother and sister. "It moved that noble lady," remarks the addresser, "to whose honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spots wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthily blemished. But as often repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some old part occasioneth the making of some new: so here her honourable labour begun in correcting the faults, ended in

supplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done, guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what advice entered into, with what access it had been passed through, MOST BY HER DOING, *all by her directing*, if they may be entreated not to define, which are unfurnished of means to discern, the rest, it is hoped, will favourably censure." And he concludes with a passage which, whilst it repeats his former assertion, adverts in a striking manner to the more than ordinary affection and esteem with which, it was well known, the countess of Pembroke had always repaid the confidence and admiration of her highly-gifted relative. "It is now," says he, "by more than one interest, THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA: *done as it was, for her; as it is, by her.* Neither shall these pains be the last (if no unexpected accident cut off her determination) which the everlasting love of her excellent brother will make her consecrate to his memory."

This work, therefore, may be justly considered as one of those memorials of that blended genius and affection which has carried down Sidney and his sister to posterity with unfading celebrity and

esteem. It was first printed in 1590, in quarto, and underwent six editions previous to the death of the countess. The seventh, which now lies before me, is a folio of 624 pages, printed in 1629, and contains, besides the Arcadia, firstly, Certain Sonnets; secondly, The Defence of Poesy; thirdly, Astrophel and Stella; and fourthly, The Lady of May, a Masque. Since this edition, seven others have appeared, making in all fourteen impressions, though of these not one, I believe, has appeared posterior to 1725.

However neglected in the present day, the Arcadia of sir Philip Sidney and his sister is, beyond all doubt, a production of very superior talent. It is, in truth, to the prodigious change of manners, and of modes of thinking, which has occurred in the lapse of more than two centuries, rather than to any radical defect in the work itself, that we are chiefly to attribute its loss of popularity; for, if we examine either the construction or execution of the narrative, we shall find much both to admire and to treasure up. The fable is not only skilfully contrived, but the interest increases with its progress, and is maintained to the last. The incidents are

striking and diversified, and, what is still more indicative of genius, the characters are strongly drawn, and admirably discriminated.

To these claims to reconsideration may be added what is of yet higher import, that in no work of fiction, either of its own, or any subsequent age, is there to be found a loftier and more thoroughly-sustained tone of practical morality; nor, extraordinary as it may appear for the period in which it was written, sentiments more chastely delicate and pure.

Another and very prominent excellence of the Arcadia, and in which it has been scarcely surpassed by any effort of ancient or modern times, is the singular beauty and fidelity of its descriptions. Almost every page, in short, exhibits proof of the painter's pencil, and the poet's imagination; and, as numerous instances of superior merit in these provinces will admit of insulation without injury, I cannot resist the temptation of placing one or two of them before my readers, as specimens of what they may expect from turning over the leaves of this neglected folio. Can there, for example, be found a more exquisite delineation of female beauty of feature, than what the following passage affords

us? The Sidneys are describing the gorgeous celebration of the marriage between Argalus and Parthenia.

"But all the cost bestowed," he remarks, "did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautify, nor all the dainty devices so much delight, as the fairness of *Parthenia*, the pearl of all the maids of Mantinœa: who as she went to the temple to be married, her eyes themselves seemed a temple, wherein love and beauty were married; her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them; her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred *."

Nor could the pencil of Poussin or Claude have embodied upon their canvas a more delightful picture of rural loveliness and solitude, than that which has been drawn for us by the sweet fancy of Sidney and his sister.

"Lord, dear cousin," said he, "doth not the

* Edition of 1629, p. 30

pleasantness of this place carry in itself sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Do you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the grass, how in colour they excel the emerald, every one striving to pass his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height? And see you not the rest of these beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to express? Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age with the only happiness of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? Doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to ear and eye, do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not every echo thereof a perfect music? And these fresh and delightful brooks, how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection! and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure* !"

The style of these extracts, which cannot be altered for the better, will probably surprise the

* Edition of 1629, p. 32.

reader; and, indeed, that of the entire Arcadia, though it be not in every part equal to the above-quoted specimens in purity and simplicity, yet displays, considering the era at which it was written, a very masterly piece of composition. For this merit I am persuaded we are, in a great measure, indebted to the countess of Pembroke, who not only assiduously corrected every page of her brother's Arcadia, but has herself proved to the world, in a work translated from the French, and undertaken after sir Philip's death, how admirably she was qualified for the task.

Such, in fact, was the congeniality which existed between sir Philip and his sister in their literary tastes and pursuits, that they appear almost uniformly to have trodden the same paths, and to have studied the same writers. One of the best and dearest friends which Sidney acquired on the continent was Philip de Mornay, lord of Plessis Marly; and at the period when he received his death-wound at Zutphen, he had nearly completed a translation of that nobleman's excellent Treatise on the True Use of the Christian Religion, an employment strongly indicative of that interest in the cause of piety which had ever formed a distin-

guished feature in his character. This version, perfected by Arthur Golding, was published in 1587, about seven months after sir Philip's decease; and in May 1590, the countess of Pembroke, with whom the works of Du Plessis had been as great favourites as with her brother, finished at Wilton a translation from a part of them, entitled "A Discourse of Life and Death;" and to this little volume, which was not published, however, until 1600*, I may safely appeal for a specimen which shall satisfactorily prove the great elegance and perspicuity of her prose style, and, of course, of her abilities as an adequate corrector and improver of the Arcadia. The passage, indeed, which I am about to give has been already selected by Mr. Park† for a purpose similar to my own; but the value of the illustration which it conveys, together with the scarce and voluminous character of the work in which he has placed it, will sufficiently warrant its transference to these pages.

* A Discourse of Life and Death. Written in French by Phil. Mornay. Done into English by the Countess of Pembroke. London: Printed for W. Ponsonby. 1600. 12mo.

† Vide Censura Literaria, vol. v. p. 45.

It is thus that her ladyship speaks in the exordium to this translation.

" It seems to me strange, and a thing much to be marvelled, that the labourer to repose himself hasteneth as it were the course of the sun; that the mariner rows with all his force to attain the port, and with a joyful cry salutes the descried land; that the traveller is never quiet nor content till he be at the end of his voyage; and that we, in the meanwhile tied in this world to a perpetual task, tossed with continual tempest, tired with a rough and cumbersome way, cannot yet see the end of our labour but with grief, nor behold our port but with tears, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horror and trembling. This life is but a Penelope's web, wherein we are always doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which, sometime within, sometime without, never cease to torment us; a weary journey through extreme heats and colds, over high mountains, steep rocks, and thievish deserts. And so we term it, in weaving this web, in rowing at this oar, in passing this miserable way. Yet lo, when Death comes to end our work; when she stretcheth out her arms to

pull us into the port: when, after so many dangerous passages and loathsome lodgings, she would conduct us to our true home and resting-place: instead of rejoicing at the end of our labour, of taking comfort at the sight of our land, of singing at the approach of our happy mansion, we would fain (who would believe it?) retake our work in hand, we would again hoist sail to the wind, and willingly undertake our journey anew. No more *then* remember we our pains; our shipwrecks and dangers are forgotten: we fear no more the travails and the thieves. Contrawise, we apprehend death as an extreme pain, we doubt it as a rock, we fly it as a thief. We do as little children, who all the day complain, and when the medicine is brought them, are no longer sick; as they who all the week long run up and down the streets with pain of the teeth, and seeing the barber coming to pull them out, feel no more pain. We fear more the cure than the disease, the surgeon than the pain. We have more sense of the medicine's bitterness, soon gone, than of a bitter languishing, long continued; more feeling of death, the end of our miseries, than the endless misery of our life. We fear *that* we ought to hope for, and wish for *that* we ought to fear."

Nor were the taste and critical talents of the countess of Pembroke confined to prose composition; she was, as well as her brother, a favoured disciple of the Muses; and being not only well acquainted with the classical languages, but with the Hebrew tongue, she was consequently in possession of all the models necessary to a perfect knowledge of the art of poetry, sacred and profane. Whether she contributed to the numerous metrical effusions with which the *Arcadia* abounds is not known; but there can be no doubt that these, as well as the narrative part of that romance, underwent the revision of her pen; nor is it improbable that the "Astrophel and Stella" of sir Philip, consisting of not less than one hundred and eight sonnets *, independent of intervening songs, which was

* From these sonnets, many of which are exquisitely beautiful, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing two, as being, in my opinion, models of grace and sweetness.

TO THE MOONE.

With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busie archer his sharp arrowes tries?
Sure if that, long with Love acquainted, eyes
Can judge of *Love*, thou feel'st a Lover's case;
I reade it in thy lookes; thy languisht grace,
To me that feele the like, thy state descries.

first published in 1591, as well as a minor collection of "Sonnets" from the same source, printed in 1594, had, either in their separate state or when subsequently added to the Arcadia, the advantage of her judgment and skill.

Of the poetry which flowed from her ladyship's

Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me
Is constant *Love* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those Lovers scorne whom that *Love* doth possesse?
Do they call Vertue there ungratefulnesse?

TO SLEEPE.

Come, Sleepe, O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The bayting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent Judge betweene the high and low!
With shield of proofe shield me from out the prease
Of these fierce darts, despaire at me doth throw:
O make in me these civill warres to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe to noise, and blinde to light:
A rosie garland, and a wearie head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavie grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere *Stella*'s image see.

own inspiration we had, until the publication of her Psalms, but few instances. Of these the principal was, "The Tragedie of Antonie: done into English by the countess of Pembroke," Lond. 1595, 12mo.; to which may be added "An Elegy on sir Philip Sidney," printed in Spenser's "Astrophel," 1595, and "A Pastoral Dialogue in praise of Astrea," that is, queen Elizabeth, published in Davison's "Poetical Rapsody," 1602, where it is recorded as having been "made by the excellent lady, the lady Mary countesse of Pembrook, at the queenes majesties being at her house at ——, 15—." It should not be forgotten also, that a poem of considerable length in six-line stanzas, entitled "The countesse of Pembrook's Passion," is preserved among the Sloanian Manuscripts, No. 1303.

It is, however, on her version of the Psalms, written in conjunction with her brother, that her poetical fame must be built; and I shall, therefore, after closing this slight sketch of her character, devote the ensuing paper to a consideration of some of the more prominent beauties of this joint labour of love and piety.

In the meantime it is highly gratifying to record,

that the countess was, like her brother, the uniform and munificent friend of learning and of genius; and that to her patronage and liberality, to her taste and talents, *Spenser*, and *Daniel*, and *Churchyard*, and *Fraunce*, and *Fitzgeffrey*, and several other poets of her day, have borne the most sincere and grateful testimony.

Spenser in particular, the first, and, by many degrees, the greatest of this tuneful train, has seized every opportunity of expressing his high sense of the rare virtues and acquirements of lady Pembroke; and when celebrating the most accomplished females of the court of Elizabeth, he has not hesitated to give to the sister of Sidney the foremost rank and highest place*.

I shall quote one tribute from this divine bard, as placing Sidney and his sister in that light of blended love and talent in which they ever wished to appear, and as delivering his own opinion of their poetical powers. He is apostrophising the shade of sir Philip:

O noble spirit!—
The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new joy;

* Colin Clout's Come Home Again. Vide Todd's Spenser, vol. viii. pp. 27, 28.

Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy!
But, where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
That, happy there, I may thee always see!

Yet, whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, until that timely death
By heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

Then will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright!
Which to thee sings with deep heart's sorrowing—
Sorrowing tempered with dear delight
That her to hear I feel my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy.—

Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thou thyself, thine own self's valiance;
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forests ring,
And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear*.

The countess of Pembroke has been uniformly

* The Ruins of Time. Todd's Spenser, vol. vii. pp. 298, 299, 300.

represented by her encomiasts as possessing great personal charms; a representation which, though not altogether borne out by the print which we possess of her by Simon Pass, is yet probably correct; for we shall presently find Ben Jonson, who was no flatterer, joining in the same description. This print, which gives a pleasing delineation of the costume of dress in the reign of Elizabeth, exhibits also a proof of what was considered even then, though confined to manuscript circulation, as the *opus magnum* of the countess, who is drawn with a book in her hand, on the leaves of which is legible the title of "David's Psalms."

After a life protracted to an advanced age, this learned and estimable lady died at her house in Aldersgate street, London, on the 25th of September, 1621, having survived her lord not less than twenty years. She was buried in the vault of the Pembrokes, in the cathedral church of Salisbury; and though no monument to her memory has ever been erected on the spot, she has been honoured with an epitaph perhaps better known than any other which has graced the annals of the dead, and which cannot fail to perpetuate, in colours durable

as the language in which it is written, her beauty, virtue, and mental endowments:

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
> Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

No. VII.

They had been taught religion—Thence
Their gentler spirits suck'd sweet innocence:
Each morn and even they were taught to pray
With the whole household; and could every day
Read in their virtuous parent's noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, morals, arts.

BEN JONSON ON THE SIDNIES *.

FROM the brief account which has been given of sir Philip Sidney and his sister, in the two preceding papers, it is scarcely too much to infer, that, considering their education under the eye of parents, whose example in a moral and religious point of view was truly excellent; considering their own similar talents, tastes, and studies, their learning, habitual piety, and devotional ardour, no two persons perhaps could be better qualified for the task they undertook, as metrical translators of the inspired Psalmist, than were these ever-memorable relatives.

Of sir Philip's opinion of what should be one of

* Slightly altered.

the chief objects of lyric poetry, and of the high estimation in which he held the Book of Psalms, both in a poetical and religious light, we have ample testimony in his treatise, entitled "The Defence of Poesy." In this admirable little work, speaking of the lyric poet, he describes him as one, who, if he has a just sense of the sublime duties he is called to fulfil, "with his tuned lyre, and well accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts; who giveth moral precepts and natural problems; who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God*!" And again, when noticing the prevalency and abuse, in his time, of lyrical poetry, he observes, "if the Lord gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and publick, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions†."

* Folio edition, 1629, p. 553.

† Folio edit. p. 564.

With these exalted and correct ideas of the noble purposes which this province of the art is calculated to subserve, we might consistently expect him to be earnestly anxious to appeal to the practice and inspiration of the sacred writers; and, accordingly, as one of the most efficient foundations of his "Defence," he has taken the earliest opportunity of bringing forward the example of the divine lyrist of the Hebrews. "May not I presume to say," he observes, "that the holy *David*'s Psalms are a divine poem? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned *Hebricians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable *prosopopœias*, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beasts' joyfulness and hills leaping; but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlast-

ing beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith*?"

That his sister had embraced the same opinions, and felt the same love of sacred poesy, is sufficiently evident from the part which she took in the completion of what her brother had so well commenced. There is much reason, indeed, to conclude, from the title prefixed to some of the existing manuscripts, and from other evidence, that by much the greater part of this joint version came from the pen of the countess of Pembroke. Thus, in the manuscript used for the copy printed at the Chiswick press, by C. Whittingham, for Robert Triphook, 1823, the title runs thus: "The Psalmes of David, translated into divers and sundry Kindes of Verse, more rare and excellent for the Method and Varietie than ever yet hath been done in English. Begun by the noble and learned Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knt., and finished by the Right Honourable the Countess of Pembroke, his Sister."

It is said, beneath, in Triphook's impression, to be "Now first printed from a Copy of the *Original Manuscript*, transcribed by John Davies of Here-

* Folio Edit. p. 542.

ford, in the reign of James the First." This original manuscript is reported to be still existing in the library at Wilton, curiously bound in crimson velvet*, and in the handwriting of sir Philip and his sister. The MS. by John Davies, who was writing-master to prince Henry, is in folio. "It exhibits," says the advertisement prefixed to Triphook's impression, "a beautiful specimen of the calligraphy of the time. The first letters of every line are in gold ink, and it comprises specimens of all the hands in use, more particularly the Italian, then much in fashion at court. From the pains bestowed, it is by no means improbable that it was written for the prince."

We learn from the same advertisement, and on the authority of the Rev. B. Bandinel, that of two copies of these psalms in the Bodleian library, one has precisely the same title with the manuscript of John Davies, and the other is a transcript by Dr. Samuel Woodford. "On the first leaf," relates Mr. Bandinel, "Dr. W. has written, 'The original copy is by mee, given me by my brother, Mr. John Woodford, who bought it among other

* Zouch's Sidney, p. 364.

broken books to putt up coffee pouder, as I remember.'" Mr. B. adds, "At the end of psalm xliii. is written by Dr. W. 'In the margin, (that is, of the *originall* MS.) hitherto sir Ph. Sidney*;'" a testimony which, as Dr. Woodford wrote this, by his own account, in 1695, would seem to set the question, as to the respective shares of the brother and sister in this version, at rest.

Beside these copies in the Bodleian, and that by John Davies, others are known to exist, both in public and private libraries. In the library, for instance, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is preserved a beautiful manuscript of this version. Another is in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Cotton, of Christ Church, Oxford; and a third is to be found in the valuable collection of Richard Heber, esq. Nor, though unsubmitted to the press until within these three years, has this translation escaped occasional notice from subsequent critics and poets. Of the former, *Harrington*, in his Nugæ Antiquæ; *Steele*, in the Guardian, No. 18; *Ballard*, in his Memoirs of Learned Ladies; *Granger*, in his Biographical History of England; *Park*, in his edi-

* Advertisement to Triphook's edition, p. viii.

tion of lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors; *Zouch*, in his Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney; and lastly, *Dr. Cotton*, in the Christian Remembrancer for June, 1821, may be enumerated. The observations, indeed, which fell from the last of these critics, may, in all probability, have suggested the edition of 1823; for, when noticing this translation in the work just mentioned, he remarks: "By what strange means it has happened that this version has slept in unmerited obscurity for nearly two centuries and a half, I am utterly at a loss to divine. I see in many of them passages of considerable beauty; and notwithstanding the stiffness characteristic of the poetry of the day, there is often peculiar happiness of expression, a nerve and energy, a poetic spirit that might have disarmed, even if it could not extort praise from the fastidious Warton himself *."

Of the poets, two of no mean fame, Daniel and Donne, have particularly noticed the Sidney Psalms. Daniel, who may be peculiarly termed the countess of Pembroke's *own* poet, appears to consider them

* Christian Remembrancer, June 1821, p. 327, 328.

as exclusively the production of this lady; for, when speaking of the version, he says—

> By this, great lady, thou must then be known,
> When WILTON lies low levell'd in the ground;
> And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
> Which sacrilegious time cannot confound;
> Here thou surviv'st thyself; here thou art found
> Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame,
> Where in eternal brass remains thy name *.

Whilst Donne, perhaps more correctly, views them as a joint production, designating the translation, which he has eulogised in a long copy of verses, as "by sir Philip Sidney *and* the countesse of Pembroke, his sister †."

Only two *metrical* versions of the entire Psalms had preceded this attempt by sir Philip and his sister; the well known, and once highly popular translation by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others; and one by the pious and learned archbishop Parker; the former commencing with thirty-seven psalms in 1549, and, after various intervening editions and augmentations, completed in 1562; and the latter

* Daniel's Poetical Works, vol. i. p. 256.
† Donne's Poems, 1635, p. 366.

printed, though but very partially circulated, in 1567.

There are, undoubtedly, several passages of great beauty and sublimity in these previous translations, but, as a whole, they must be ranked, in vigour, dignity, and poetic spirit, as greatly inferior to the version of the Sidneys. I know not, indeed, that any subsequent entire metrical translation of the Psalms, from that of the royal James, in 1631, to the labours of bishop Mant, in 1824—not even that of Merrick—can be put in competition with the version of which I am about to offer a few specimens.

In making these extracts, however, I shall confine myself to that portion of the volume which has been attributed to the countess of Pembroke, as I cannot but think that she has, on this occasion, struck the lyre with a fuller and deeper inspiration than her brother.

From the forty-fourth psalm, the first she attempted in continuation of sir Philip's labours, a few stanzas will immediately place before us the extraordinary facility, harmony, and beauty of her versification; whilst a reference to the Bible translation, in general a faithful copy of the Hebrew

text, will sufficiently show, to readers of every description, how strictly she has adhered to the literal sense of the original.

Lorde, our fathers' true relation,
  Often made, hath made us knowe
How thy power, on each occasion,
  Thou of old for them did showe.
  How thy hand the pagan foe
Rooting hence, thy folke implanting,
  Leavelesse made that braunch to growe,
This to spring, noe verdure wanting.

Never could their sword procure them
  Conquest of the promis'd land:
Never could their force assure them
  When they did in danger stand.
  Noe, it was thy arme, thy hand;
Noe, it was thy favour's treasure
  Spent upon thy loved band:
Loved, why? for thy wise pleasure.—

Right as sheepe to be devowred,
  Helplesse heere we lie alone:
Scattringlie by thee outpowred,
  Slaves to dwell with lords unknown.—

By them all that dwell about us
  Tost we flie as balls of scorne,
All our neighbours laugh and flcut us,
  Men by thee in shame forlorne.
  Proverb-like our name is worn,

Oh, how fast in foraine places!
What head-shakings are forborne!
Wordlesse taunts and dumbe disgraces.

Soe rebuke before me goeth,
As my self doe daily goe:
Soe confusion on me groweth,
That my face I blush to show.
By reviling slaundring foe
Inly wounded thus I languish:
Wrathful spight with out ward blow
Anguish adds to inward anguish.

All, this all on us hath lighted,
Yet to thee our love doth last:
As we were, we are delighted
Still to hold thy cov'nant fast.
Unto none our hartes have past;
Unto none our feet have slidden,
Though us downe to dragons cast
Thou in deadly shade hast hidden *.

Were it not that the ancient mode of orthography had been adhered to, the above stanzas might, as to their metrical formation, be taken for modern productions, so correct and flowing is their structure, and so musical their cadence. There may be found, indeed, in this version almost every species of metre of which the language is susceptible; and as a

* Sidney Psalms, pp. 77, 78, 79.

striking contrast to the rapid movement of the passages just given, I shall quote the opening of the immediately succeeding psalm, the forty-fifth, which is rendered into lines of ten syllables in alternate rhyme.

My harte endites an argument of worth,
The praise of him that doth the scepter swaye:
My tongue the pen to paynt his praises forth,
Shall write as swift, as swiftest writer may.
Then to the king these are the wordes I say:
Fairer art thou than sonnes of mortall race,
Because high God hath blessed thee for ay,
Thie lips, as springs, doe flowe with speaking grace.

Thie honor's sword gird to thy mightie side,
O thou that dost all things in might excell!
With glory prosper, on with triumph ride,
Since justice, truth, and meekness with thee dwell.
Soe that right hande of thine shall teaching tell
Such things to thee, as well may terror bring,
And terror, such as never erst befell
To mortall mindes at sight of mortall king*.

Of this translation, the second stanza cannot fail to be admired, as well for the force, and weight, and dignity of its language, as for the vigour of its versification. They are such, indeed, as may be

* Sidney Psalms, p. 80.

said to have done justice to the splendid and powerful imagery of the original.

In the same, or a somewhat similarly constituted stanza of eight lines, has the countess clothed several of her psalms; and not unfrequently has she exhibited in these pentameters some of the very cadences and constructions which we so much admire in the lines of Dryden and of Pope. As instances of this anticipation, I shall bring forward two passages from the opening of the seventy-eighth psalm, where the inspired bard commences an historical retrospect of the Almighty's dealings with his people in the land of Egypt, distinguishing the lines on which I would fix attention by *Italics*.

A grave discourse to utter I entend;
The age of tyme I purpose to renew.
You, O my charge, to what I teach attend;
Heare what I speake, and what you heare ensue.
The thinges our fathers did to us commend,
The same are they I recommend to you:

That while the yong shall over-live the old,
And of their brood some yet shall be unborn;
These memories, in memory enrold,
By fretting time may never thence be worn,

That still on God their anchor hope may hold;
From him by no dispairefull tempest torn;
That with wise hartes and willing mindes they may
Think what he did, and what he bidds obey *.

* Sidney Psalms, pp. 143, 144. I have lately met with a description of the last and most dreadful of the plagues of Egypt so sublimely alluded to in this psalm, namely, the destruction of the first-born, which, as possessing very singular merit, and being at the same time little known, I am desirous of bringing forward in this place. It is contained in a little volume entitled "Rural Pictures and Miscellaneous Pieces," printed in 1825, and written by a young man of the name of SLATTER, resident at Oxford, and who, it is somewhat remarkable, pursues the same humble occupation by which Bloomfield supported himself whilst composing his *Farmer's Boy*. I am induced to hope, indeed, that the spirit of poetry which this specimen will be found to exhibit cannot but incline my readers to refer to the pages whence it is taken, and where I can promise them they will meet with many things claiming in a like degree their notice and approbation.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

Where ancient Nile majestic rolls
His undulating wave,
By many a pyramid that holds
The ashes of the brave;

Once in the flight and transient prime
Of days long passed away;
When youth adorned the brow of time,
Unconscious of decay;

Not only, in short, in these, but in a multitude of other passages, may we discover similar anticipations of what are deemed the beauties or novelties

When midnight stealing o'er the ground,
Midst shadows rising dim,
Had hushed, in envy of the sound,
The wild bird's evening hymn;

Led on by death, with all his train,
Yet silent as the blast
That sweeps o'er Afric's sultry plain,
Th' avenging Angel passed.

On heaven's destructive mission bent,
Which Egypt had defied;
His breath invaded every tent,
And withered Egypt's pride.

In rosy sleep, by all its charms
Distinguished as he lay,
The babe that in its mother's arms
Dream'd of returning day,

Before the lightning of his eye
A hapless victim fell,
Nor stayed to breathe a parting sigh,
Nor lisp a last farewell.

Full many a hoary-headed man
Leaned on his staff to weep,
Each tear expressive, as it ran,
Of sorrow wild and deep.

of modern versification. With what exquisite skill, for instance, with what a felicitous structure of

His white hairs waving to the wind,
All withered and forlorn,
With weary eye, and burdened mind,
To wail his eldest born.

But where the captive tribes reposed,
Or watched in silent prayer,
No dreaded power its form disclosed,
Or breathed contagion there.

The sign the minister of death
Observed with piercing eye;
Suspended there his blighting breath,
And passed in mercy by.

So where the sons of God abide,
Though darkness reigns around;
With them the joys of heaven reside,
And light is ever found.

With the exception of a slight inaccuracy as to rhyme, occurring in the first stanza, this poem must be pronounced, I think, not only polished and correct, but throughout beautiful and highly impressive. A similar character will apply to the greater part of Mr. Slatter's poetry; and, as the specimen I have just now given is taken from the miscellaneous department of his volume, I will, with the view of doing further justice to his talents, select another from one of his "Rural Pictures," a series which forms the greater portion of the work.

rythm, and with what an admirable turn upon the words, do the following verses from the sixty-second

THE STRANGER MINSTREL.

ON HEARING A ROBIN SING IN A COUNTRY CHURCH DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

Beneath the mouldering roof, at early spring,
The wandering swallow rests her weary wing,
Chirps undisturbed, herself an hallowed guest,
And near the altar builds her little nest*:
But, lo! with tuneful bosom, glowing red,
The old roof arching darkly o'er his head,
A favourite minstrel, though a stranger here,
Where holy men with holy views appear,
Perched on the beam, above the choral throng,
Trills sweeter strains and pours a grateful song.
Thy wild and lonely warblings, gentle bird,
In other scenes my listening ear has heard;
From childhood, up to this important hour,
I can remember, when the wintry shower
Drove thee from naked woods to that retreat,
Which storms and tempests render doubly sweet!
Thy annual visits to the darkened room
For scatter'd crums, like sunbeams through the gloom,
Betokening peace, diffused such pleasures there
As grandeur's crowded halls but seldom share.
I 've heard thee piping at the shut of eve,
When twilight woods the weary labourers leave,

* Psalm lxxxiv. 3.

and the hundred and nineteenth psalms, come before us, though modulated so far back as in the days of Elizabeth!

From the old ruin's mutilated wall,
A simple strain that held my heart in thrall.
But these delights seem born to be forgot,
On meeting with thee in this hallowed spot.
Though least expected, not less welcome here
Thy slender form, and strains that please the ear.
But let me ask thee, is there no design
In nature, or in Providence divine,
To be in this unusual visit traced,
Clear as the morning beam, and not misplaced?
Say, art thou not commissioned to reprove,
In these wild lays, some hearer's languid love
To him who promises the weary rest,
And wings the storm that spares thy lowly nest?
O that in wisdom, through these fleeting hours,
To his bold schemes and philosophic powers,
While mercy's constant beams around him shine,
Man would but add a gratitude like thine,
And learn, amidst the pomp of human praise,
How far a feathered minstrel's joyful lays
Transcend the song, by taste itself refined,
Which swells to heaven, but leaves the heart behind!

I surely shall not be considered as too sanguine, if I express a confident trust, that poetry like this, and from such a source, will not be suffered to experience the chilling disappointment of neglect.

Their love is only love of lies;
  Their wordes and deedes, dissenting soe,
When from their lippes most blessing flyes,
  Then deepest curse in hart doth grow.

Yet shall my soule in silence still
  On God my hope attentive stay:
Yet hee my fort, my health, my hill,
  Remove I may not, move I may.
My God doth me with glory fill,
  Not only shield me safe from harme;
To shun distresse, to conquer ill,
  To him I clime, in him I arme.

O then, on God, our certaine stay,
  All people in all times rely:
Your hartes before him naked lay,
  To Adam's sonnes 'tis vain to fly,
Soe vain, soe false, soe fraile are they,
  Ev'n he that seemeth most of might,
With lightnesse self if him you weigh,
  Than lightnesse self will weigh more light.

In fraud and force noe trust repose;
  Such idle hopes from thought expell,
And take good heed, when riches growes,
  Let not your hart on riches dwell.
All powre is Gods, his own word showes,
  Once said by him, twice heard by me:
Yet from thee, Lord, all mercy flowes,
  And each man's work is paid by thee.

Most plainly, Lord, the frame of sky
Doth show thy word decayeth never:
And constant stay of earth descry
Thy word, that staid it, staieth ever.
For by thy lawes they hold their standings,
Yea all things do thy service try;
But that I joy'd in thy commandings,
I had myself been sure to dye.

Thy word that hath revived me
I will retaine, forgetting never.
Let me, thine owne, be sav'd by thee,
Whose statutes are my studies ever.
I mark thy will the while their standings
The wicked take, my bane to be;
For I no close of thy commandings,
Of best things else an end I see *.

In those numerous instances where the Hebrew bard bursts forth into strains of joy and gladness, and where the imagery requires from the metrical translator a rapid and exhilarating movement, lady Pembroke has often been singularly successful in supporting the spirit of her original. Thus, in the opening of the eighty-first psalm, where the son of Jesse is calling upon the Israelites to celebrate their feast-days with a mirthful heart, with the

* Sidney Psalms, pp. 108, 109, and 235.

united concord of their sweetest instruments and voices, I know not any lyrical measure which could have been better chosen for the expression of that grateful hilarity which the poet is inculcating, than what the last four lines of the following stanza exhibit:

All gladnes, gladdest hartes can hold,
In meriest notes that mirth can yield;
Lett joyfull songes to God unfold,
To Jacobs God, our sword and shield.
Muster hither musick's joyes,
Lute, and lyre, and tabrett's noise:
Lett noe instrument be wanting;
Chasing grief, and pleasure planting *.

Turning from this strain of joyful thanksgiving, so happily expressed both as to language and measure, let us examine what justice has been done by our translator to a theme of an opposite nature, to that very impressive part of the funeral service which is contained in the first portion of the ninetieth psalm, and where we find a picture of the transitory state of our pilgrimage here, which is at once the most affecting and the most awfully sublime that can be contemplated by the mind of man. I give the version of the first four stanzas.

* Sidney Psalms, p. 153.

Thou our refuge, thou our dwelling,
O Lord, hast byn from time to time;
Long ere mountaines proudly swelling
Above the lowly dales did clime;
Long ere the earth, embowl'd by thee,
Bare the forme it now doth beare;
Yea, thou art God for ever, free
From all touch of age and yeare.

O but man by thee created,
As he at first of earth arose,
When thy word his end hath dated,
In equall state to earth he goes.
Thou saist, and saying, makst it soe:
Be noe more, O Adams heyre;
From whence ye came, dispatch to goe,
Dust againe, as dust ye were.

Graunt a thousand yeares be spared
To mortall men of life and light;
What is that to thee compared?
One day, one quarter of a night.
When *death upon them storm-like falls*,
Like unto a dreame they grow:
Which goes and comes as fancy calls,
Nought in substance, all in show.

As the hearbe that early groweth,
Which leaved greene, and flowered faire,
Ev'ning change with ruine moweth,
And laies to rost in withering aire:

Soe in thy wrath we fade away,
With thy fury overthrowne;
When thou in sight our faultes dost lay,
Looking on our synns unknown*.

Of these stanzas, the first and third are full of beauty; and I would particularly refer to the line distinguished by italics, as one of peculiarly vigorous and highly poetical expression.

Were I called upon, however, to point out in this book of the inspired lyrist one passage more truly pathetic, or more intrinsically beautiful than another, I should, without hesitation, fix upon that which is formed by the prior part of the hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, as furnishing a picture most perfect in its kind, whether we consider the force of the appeal which it makes to the heart, or the strength with which it addresses the imagination. To do justice to such an original cannot but be esteemed a work of great difficulty, and, consequently, we shall not be surprised to find that many have failed in making the attempt. In the old version, this psalm was intrusted to William Whyttingham, unfortunately one of the least poetical of the group

* Sidney Psalms, p. 171, 172.

engaged in that undertaking, and he has accordingly produced a miserable abortion. Ample amends, however, were soon afterwards made by the genius of Mary Sidney, which has seldom been more successfully employed than in translating this affecting composition,—an effort that will bear, and which I shall put to the test of, comparison with the happiest of subsequent attempts.

Nigh seated where the river flowes
That watreth Babells thanckfull plaine,
Which then our teares in pearled rowes
Did help to water with their raine:
The thought of Sion bred such woes,
That though our harpes we did retaine,
Yet uselesse, and untouched there,
On willowes only hang'd they were.

Now while our harpes were hanged soe,
The men, whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting goe,
And more to grieve us thus did say:
You that of musique make such show
Come sing us now a Sion lay.
O no, we have nor voice nor hand
For such a song, in such a land.

Though farre I lye, sweete Sion hill,
In forraine soile exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forgett his skill,
If ever thou forgotten be:

Yea, lett my tongue fast glued still
Unto my roofe lye mute in me,
If thy neglect within me spring,
Or ought I do but Salem sing *.

Passing by, in pursuit of the comparison I have mentioned above, the *Psalms of King David, translated by King James*, Oxford, 1631, and which, though exact as to the sense of the original, have little poetry to boast of, we are immediately attracted by the name of *George Wither*, whose "Psalmes of David, translated in lyric verse †," appeared in 1632. This is a version which may, in many respects, vie with that of the Sidneys,—an opinion which will not readily be disputed, perhaps, after reading the following lines:

As nigh Babel's streams we sate,
Full of griefs and unbefriended,
Minding Sion's poor estate,
From our eyes the tears descended;
And our harps we hanged high
On the willows growing nigh.

* Sidney Psalms, pp. 263, 264.

† "*The Psalmes of David* translated into lyrick verse, according to the scope of the original. And illustrated with a short argument, and a brief prayer or meditation, before and after every psalme, by Geo. Wither." 1632, 12mo.

For (insulting on our woe)
They that had us here enthralled,
Their imperious power to show,
For a song of Sion called:
Come, ye captives, come, said they,
Sing us now an Hebrew lay.

But, oh Lord, what heart had we,
In a foreign habitation,
To repeat our songs of Thee,
For our spoiler's recreation?
Ah, alas! we cannot yet
Thee, Jerusalem, forget.

Oh, Jerusalem; if I
Do not mourn, all pleasure shunning,
Whilst thy walls defaced lie,
Let my right hand lose his cunning;
And for ever let my tongue
To my palate fast be clung.

Nearly a century and a half elapsed after the translation of George Wither, before any metrical version worthy of being put in competition either with his or that of the Sidneys made its appearance. Not that labourers were wanting in the mine, for, during this period, several entire translations of the holy psalmist had been published; amongst which may be mentioned those of William Barton, M.A., Miles Smyth, and the generally received version of

Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate. But these are often grossly deficient in poetical spirit, and it was not until the year 1765 that a translation, of a character decidedly superior, was completed by James Merrick, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. From this version, which, though occasionally too paraphrastic, is yet faithful to the Hebrew text, and throughout animated in its style, and polished in its versification, I shall now select my next specimen of comparative translation.

Where Babylon's proud water flows
We sat and wept, while in us rose
The dear remembrance of thy name,
O fair, O lost Jerusalem!
Our silent harps the willows bore,
Whose boughs along th' extended shore
Their shades outspread—while thus the foe
Insulting aggravates our woe:
Come, tune to mirth your sullen tongue;
Rise, Hebrew slaves, and give the song;
Such strains as wont your fane to fill
On captive Zion's boasted hill.
How shall we yield to the demand?
How, exiles in a foreign land,
Presume the heaven-taught song to raise,
And desecrate the hallowed lays?
If Sion from my breast depart,
Forget my hand its tuneful art;

Fast to my palate cleave my tongue,
If when I form my sprightliest song,
Aught to my mirth supply a theme,
But thou, O loved Jerusalem!

During the very year in which this version by Merrick was printed, there came forth another from a member of the sister university, who apparently, from the vigour of his poetical powers, seemed fully adequate to the task, the well known Christopher Smart of Pembroke Hall. But, whether owing to a want of taste, or to that unhappy hallucination of mind to which he was occasionally subject, the attempt, which was rather indeed a paraphrase than a translation, disappointed the public; and though he was shortly afterwards succeeded by a few who endeavoured to supply a more popular representation of the Hebrew bard, it is only from what has been undertaken within these few years that I can hope to bring forward what may successfully be put into competition with the versions which I have already produced from the hundred and thirty-seventh psalm.

One of the happiest of these is from a little volume entitled "Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms," by Thomas Dale, B. A. of Corpus

Christi College, Cambridge; a version of which it may justly be said, that it combines, with a literal adherence to the original, much harmony of metre, and much clearness and sweetness of expression.

By Babylon's proud stream we sate,
And tears gushed quick from every eye,
When our own Zion's fallen state
Came rushing on our memory;
And there, the willow groves among,
Sorrowing our silent harps we hung.

For there our tyrants in their pride
Bade Judah raise th' exulting strain,
And our remorseless spoilers cried,
"Come, breathe your native hymns again."
Oh how, in stranger climes, can we
Pour forth Jehovah's melody?

When thou, loved Zion, art forgot,
Let this unworthy hand decay;
When Salem is remembered not,
Mute be these guilty lips for aye!
Yea, if in transport's liveliest thrill,
Thou, Zion, art not dearer still!

Of a psalm thus powerfully appealing to the tenderest emotions of the heart, and at the same time presenting so vivid a picture to the eye, it might naturally be expected, that not only trans-

lations would abound, but that, under the less shackled form of imitation, genius would endeavour to transmit a gem of kindred excellence. The attempt, certainly one of no little difficulty, has been lately made by two poets who stand high in the public favour, though of widely different taste and talents. As that which most strictly pursues the outline and arrangement of the original, I shall first exhibit the design of Mr. Montgomery, taken from his "Songs of Zion, being Imitations of the Psalms," a work which appeared very shortly after Mr. Dale's Specimens.

Where Babylon's broad rivers roll
In exile we sat down to weep;
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys in sleep!
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned and trembling, flung
Their mournful music on the wind;
While foes, exulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, sing us one of Zion's songs.

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?

If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem! forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still!

In this beautiful little poem the latitude is taken with so sparing a hand, and the slight additional imagery so perfectly amalgamates with that of the original, that it may almost be considered in the light of a literal version.

A deviation of a much wider kind has been assumed by lord Byron, who, in his "Hebrew Melodies," whilst he has preserved the general tone and spirit of this exquisite passage, has not only added to, but inverted the series of its imagery. It is, however, notwithstanding this licence, worthy of the Hebrew lyrist, and of his lordship's talents; and the opening lines of the second stanza, especially, present us with an image as striking and accordant with the subject, as it is new and pleasing:

We sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And ye oh, her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
  Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
  That triumph the stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever,
  Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended;
  Oh, Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
  But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
  With the voice of the spoiler by me!

Having indulged myself, and, I trust, my readers, in bringing forward this series of parallel versions, to which the intrinsic beauties of the passage, and the singular success of many of its translators have induced me, I shall now revert to the Psalms of lady Pembroke for one more specimen of excellence in her version, which has as yet not only not been surpassed, but I may venture to say never equalled. It is from the opening of that truly magnificent psalm, the one hundred and thirty-ninth.

O Lord! in me there lieth nought,
  But to thy search revealed lies;
    For when I sitt
    Thou markest it,

No less thou notest when I rise;
Yea closest closett of my thought
Hath open windowes to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk,
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find thee there,
And every where;
Not yongest thought in me doth grow,
No not one word I cast to talk,
But yet unutt'red thou dost know.—

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,
O whither might I take my way?
To starry spheare?
Thy throne is there.
To dead mens undelightsome stay?
There is thy walk, and there to lye
Unknown, in vain I should assay.

O sun! whome light nor flight can match,
Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings
Thou lend to me,
And I could flee
As far as thee the ev'ning brings;
Ev'n led to West he would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Doe thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable vaile to cover me;
Thy sable vaile
Shall vainly faile:

With day unmask'd my night shall be;
For night is day, and darkness light,
O Father of all lights, to thee*.

To enter into any comment on the beauty and sublimity of this translation, and more particularly of the closing stanza, would be utterly superfluous, for they cannot but be deeply felt and admired by all who read it.

Multiplied instances, indeed, of the great merits of this version of the Sidneys might readily be furnished, were such required; but what has already been given will be fully adequate to prove with what a fervid feeling of devotion, with what a spirit of genuine poetry, it was prosecuted and completed.

There is, in truth, something inexpressibly pleasing and interesting in picturing to ourselves this accomplished brother and sister, the beautiful, the brave, thus conjointly employed in the service of their God, thus emulously endeavouring to do justice to the imperishable strains of divine inspiration. We see them, as they proceed, kindling into warmer piety, and glowing with more exalted enthusiasm; for, as one of the best of men and of Christians

* Sidney Psalms, pp. 266, 267.

has remarked in reference to the Psalms, whilst "the fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy, these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets are extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best*."

Nor can we avoid thinking that the words which the great and good bishop has spoken of himself on concluding his admirable Commentary, may, with only a slight alteration, be applied to these affectionate relatives whilst engaged on their Version:

"The employment detached them from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a season, care and disquietude came not near their dwelling. They arose, fresh as the morning, to their task; the silence of the night invited them to pursue it; and they could truly say, that food and

* Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, vol. i. Preface, p. lxiv.

rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely upon their acquaintance with it, and no one gave them uneasiness but the last; for then they grieved that their work was done. Happier hours than those which they spent in these translations of the Songs of Sion, they never expected to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged, they counted no time. They are gone, but their products have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet *."

* Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, vol. i. Preface, p. lxv.

No. VIII.

——— Not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's humble quietness.

WORDSWORTH.

IT was almost immediately on the re-ascendancy of the house of Lancaster that the following petition for the restitution of the Clifford estates in the counties of Westmoreland and York, together with their rank and honours, was presented and granted in the first year of Henry the Seventh.

"In most humble and lowly wise beseecheth yo'r highness yo'r true subject and faithfull liegman Henry Clifford, eldest sonne to John late lord Clifford, that when the same John, amongst other persons, for the true service and faithful legiance w'ch he did and owed to king Henry the Sixt, yo'r uncle, in the parliament at Westmynster, the fourth day of November, in the first year of king Edward

the Fourth, was attainted and convicted of high treason; and by the same act y^t was ordained, that the said John, late lord, and his heires, from thenceforth should be disabled to have, hould, inherite, or enjoy, any name of dignity, estate, or preheminence, within the realmes of England, Ireland, Wales, Calice, or the Marches thereof, and should forfaite all his castles, manors, landes, &c., he desireth to be restored. To the w'ch petition the king, in the same parliament, subscribeth,

'Soit faite come est desier.'"

Thus, in the thirty-second year of his age, after having led for twenty-five years the life of a shepherd and an outlaw, and latterly either in Cumberland or on the borders of Scotland, was Henry lord Clifford restored to the wealth and dignities of his forefathers. There is reason to conclude that it was in Westmoreland, from the vicinity of that county to the district in which he had usually wandered as a banished man, that he first assumed the honours of his family. The Cliffords, indeed, possessed not less than four castles in Westmoreland, namely, Pendragon, Brough, Appleby, and Brougham; and the last, being towards the northern boundary of the county, must have been the first

noble mansion on his patrimony which lord Clifford would reach on his return from exile. It was, in fact, the most magnificent of the four structures, as its remains yet testify; and in the great hall, which occupied one of the stories of the massive Norman tower, did the friends and retainers of lord Clifford assemble to celebrate his restoration. Here also, there can be little doubt, as she survived the happy event six years *, came his mother, lady Clifford, and with her, in all probability, the venerable partner of her days, sir Lancelot Threlkeld. The scene of festivity which we may suppose to have taken place on this occasion has furnished to one of the most original poets of the present day a pleasing opportunity for the exercise of his talents; and as the song of exultation which, for this purpose, he has put into the mouth of the family minstrel, is beautifully illustrative of the character and

* She died at Londsborough, where, on a plain brass near the altar of the church, may be read the following inscription in black letter, the oldest memorial of the family, says Whitaker, now remaining:

"Orate pro anima Margarete D'ne Clyfford, et Vescy, olim sponse nobilissimi viri Joh's D'ni Clifford et Westmorland, filie et heredis Henrici Bromflet quondam D'ni Vescy, ac ••••• matris Henrici Domini Clyfford, Westmorland, et Vescy, quæ obiit xv die mens' Aprilis, Anno Domini MCCCCICI. cujus corpus sub hoc marmore est humatum."

disposition of lord Clifford, and of some of the incidents which befel him during his sojourn in the wilds of Cumberland, I shall not, I am convinced, be accused of irrelevancy in transferring it hither.

SONG

AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE, UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

"From Town to Town, from Tower to Tower,
The Red Rose is a gladsome Flower.
Her thirty years of Winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both Roses flourish, Red and White,
In love and sisterly delight;
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the Flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how she smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the Hall;
But, chiefly, from above the Board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!

They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crown'd the right.
Loud voice the Land hath uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful North:
Our Fields rejoice, our Mountains ring,
Our Streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our Strong-abodes and Castles see
The glory of their loyalty.
How glad is Skipton at this hour—
Though she is but a lonely Tower!
To vacancy and silence left;
Of all her guardian sons bereft—
Knight, Squire, or Yeoman, Page or Groom;
We have them at the Feast of Brough'm.
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her!—She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble Stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower:—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair House by Emont's side,
This day distinguished without peer
To see her Master and to cheer;
Him, and his Lady Mother dear!

Oh! it was a time forlorn
When the Fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her Infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a Man in sight—
Yonder is a House—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the Caves, and to the Brooks,
To the Clouds of Heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies:
'Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her child!'

Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smother'd flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
God loves the child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled—
The lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her babe did say:
'My own, my own! thy fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest;
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

Alas! when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turn'd to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young bird that is distrest:
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,

That learned of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him*.
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
They moved about in open sight,
To and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
On the mountain's visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And the caves where fairies sing
He hath entered; and been told
By voices, how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
Face of thing that is to be;
And, if men report him right,
He can whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom:
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book:

* "It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal fish, inhabitants of this tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld. Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain, vulgarly called Saddle-back."

Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:—
'Quell the Scot!' exclaims the lance—
'Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the shield;—
Tell thy name, thou trembling field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the fervent harper did not know
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The shepherd lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good lord Clifford" was the name he bore *.

* Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Poems, vol. ii. p. 272. et seq.

It will hereafter be found, however, that this shepherd-lord, though happily void of the unprincipled ambition and savage ferocity of some of his ancestors, had not degenerated from the martial spirit of his race, and that, when a proper occasion called for its exertion, he was amongst the foremost to rally round the standard of his king and country. In the mean time he was what the preceding lines, in conformity with history and tradition, have represented him, humble, courteous, and kind, fond of retirement, and addicted to contemplative pursuits.

Having visited therefore his Westmoreland estates, he passed into Yorkshire, and, on reaching Skipton in Craven, he fixed upon the neighbouring forest of Barden as the place of his retreat. In this romantic tract, which had from the time of the Romillies formed part of the honour and fee of Skipton, there were six lodges for the accommodation of the keepers, and the protection of the deer; and in one of these, called Barden Tower, which he greatly improved and enlarged, adding to its other conveniences that of a chapel, did lord Clifford take up his residence, preferring it to the splendour and parade which almost necessarily awaited him in his larger houses.

Here, with the object of his early choice, the beautiful and affectionate daughter of sir John St. John, the heroine of the ballad of the Nut-brown Maid, lord Clifford found the happiness he was in search of. Though uneducated, and aware of his deficiencies, a consciousness which, at the period of his elevation, had for a time depressed his spirits, he possessed a vigour of mind and rectitude of principle which prevented him from becoming a prey to vicious or luxurious habits. If, in his shepherd state, no portion of scholastic learning had fallen to his share, he had imbibed, what may assuredly be considered as some of Heaven's choicest gifts, an enthusiastic love of nature, a taste for natural history and philosophy, and, above all, a spirit of sincere devotion. With acquisitions such as these, we can no longer be surprised that, despising the vanities of wealth and rank, he preferred the beautiful seclusion of Barden to the pomp and splendour of Skipton or of Brougham Castle; especially when we learn that this retreat was in the immediate vicinity of Bolton Abbey, from an intercourse with the canons of which he hoped more effectually to prosecute both his religious and philosophical pursuits.

He had early in life, and whilst yet a shepherd's boy, owing to the total want of instruments for measuring the lapse of time, become a diligent observer of the heavenly bodies, a practice which had excited in him an ardent thirst for astronomical knowledge. As soon, therefore, as the means were in his power, he purchased the best apparatus which the science of the day could supply; and, converting the Tower of Barden into an observatory, he there, in company with some of the canons of Bolton, who are said to have been well acquainted with the astronomy of their age, spent no inconsiderable portion of his time.

This was not, however, the only resource to which in the field of science he could apply; for from evidence collected by the historian of Craven *, through the medium of the Clifford manuscripts, and from similar documents, which had once been the property of the inmates of Bolton Abbey, it would appear that, together with his friends the canons, he had prosecuted the study of chemistry, and had even entered upon the mysterious and visionary pursuit of the philosopher's stone. An-

* History of Craven, p. 252.

other proof of the intercourse which subsisted between Henry lord Clifford and the canons of Bolton has been given by Dr. Whitaker from the MS. of Thoresby, the antiquary, namely, *A Treatise of Natural Philosophy*, which had been presented by his lordship to the Priory of Bolton, and which, after the dissolution of that house, had reverted to the family of the donor *.

These propensities and pursuits on the part of lord Henry almost necessarily threw about his person, in the minds of the inhabitants of Craven, a high degree of mystery and awe; and though he was too much beloved by his neighbours—too pious, charitable and kind, to induce them to infer that he had any connexion with unhallowed powers; yet it was whispered round the cottage, and even by the convent fire, and firmly believed amongst them, that, during his long concealment under the garb of a shepherd, he had been the especial favourite of a fairy, who had watched over his safety, and

> Who loved the shepherd lord to meet
> In his wanderings solitary;
> Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
> A song of nature's hidden powers;

* History of Craven, p. 252.

That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'Twas said that she all shapes could wear;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair,
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dens, on Cumbria's heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely grey;
Nor left him at his later day.—

And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on the old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or in their cells with him did pry
For other lore; through strong desire
Searching the earth with chemic fire*.

Yet we are not to conceive from this attachment to, and cultivation of, the sciences of astronomy and chemistry, that lord Clifford led the life of a hermit. He was, in fact, not only charitable but hospitable; and though whilst at Barden, which was the chief place of his residence when in Yorkshire, he kept not such a household as would have been

* Wordsworth's Works, vol. iii. p. 21.

necessary at Skipton or Brougham, we know, from family papers found at Londsborough, that, in the year 1517, wages were paid to nearly sixty servants at Barden, though this was reckoned, at that time, but a slender retinue for a baron. From the same authority we find, that in 1521, two tuns of wine were forwarded from Newcastle to this retreat, and that the names of nearly three hundred tenants and dependants were admitted on my lord's "Beyd Rolls" for that year*.

Nor did he neglect occasionally to visit his various castles, keeping his Christmas sometimes in one and sometimes in another; a custom which, probably owing to the carelessness of servants, brought on the destruction of his castle of Brough; for it was burnt, relates Whitaker, "that is, the roof and floors were consumed, after a noble Christmas kept there by Henry lord Clifford, the shepherd, in his later days†."

Hospitality was indeed the characteristic and the virtue of the times, and alike conspicuous in the

* Whitaker, pp. 252—413.
† Ibid. p. 351.

hall of the castle and the convent. There were few monastic establishments more splendid and hospitable than that with which lord Henry himself was almost daily conversant, the canons regular of Bolton Abbey; and as there is every reason to suppose that his lordship's own household at Barden fared not worse than that of the prior of Bolton, a statement of the mode of living of the latter, which has fortunately been preserved, will necessarily throw much light upon that of the former.

It is true that the summary which, for this purpose, I am about to transcribe from Dr. Whitaker is founded on annual household accounts at Bolton, which, occupying a space of eighty years, terminate nearly a century before lord Clifford's restoration; but as the establishment continued, on an average as to number, nearly the same; and the routine of domestic economy had, during that period, suffered little or no change, we may consider the habits and expenses of the priory as being, during the whole of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, very closely assimilated, and forming, in fact, that era in which monastic luxury, rivalling that of kings and nobles, may be said to have attained its highest pitch.

"Their establishment," says Dr. Whitaker, who

tells us that every particular in his summary is verified by a distinct article in the *Compotus* of Bolton, "consisted, first, of the prior, who had lodgings, with a hall and chapel, stables, &c. distinct from those of the house. There were, on an average, fifteen canons and two conversi*; besides whom were the armigeri, gentlemen dependent on the house, who had clothing, board, and lodging; the liberi servientes within and without; and, lastly, the garciones, who were villeins in gross, or mere domestic slaves. Of the free servants, *intra curiam*, there were about thirty; among whom may be distinguished, the master-carpenter, the master and inferior cook, brewer and baker, the master-smith, the hokarius, the fagotarius, and the ductor saccarum. These received wages from ten shillings to three shillings each, *per annum*. The servants

* "The lay-brethren were such as either from bodily deformity or mental dulness were incapable of holy orders. Many of the former were, no doubt, by the compensating bounty of Providence, blessed with fine understandings, and would be employed in delicate and ingenious works One of these earned upwards of 7*l.*, equal nearly to 100*l.* at present, in one year; is not said by what means. The latter often became excellent masons, carpenters, wheelwrights, &c."—WHITAKER.

extra curiam, or those employed in husbandry upon the farms and granges, were from seventy to a hundred and eight.

"If any antiquary should think fit to write a dissertation on the antiquity of nicknames in England, he may meet with ample materials in the Compotus of Bolton; for in this catalogue are found, Adam Blunder, Simon Paunche, Richard Drunken, Tom Noght (or good-for-nothing), Botch Collock*, the cooper, and Whirle, the carter; the last I suppose, by an antiphrasis, from the slowness of his rotatory motion.

"The precise number of the garciones†, as they received no wages, it is impossible to discover; but it may be guessed at, from the expense of their clothing and the general consumption of provisions in the house. They wore the coarsest cloth; but the quantity purchased on their account was generally more than for the free servants. The prior alone must have had more than twenty, as their *calciatura* amounted to more than twenty shillings *per annum*. The cellarer had another class, em-

* A small wooden vessel to draw water; a word still used in Lancashire.

† From the French *garçon*.

ployed probably about the kitchen and hall; and even the conversi and armigeri had each a garcio to themselves.

"Among those of the prior are enumerated the huntsman and page of the stable. But the garciones in general were furnished with bows and arrows, undoubtedly for the use of the chase; and certainly assisted in netting for game and fish, the implements of which amusements are distinctly mentioned. In other respects, undoubtedly, they performed the lowest offices of drudgery about the house.

"On the whole, I cannot but persuade myself that the whole establishment at Bolton consisted of more than two hundred persons; an opinion which, with every reasonable allowance for hospitality to strangers, will be fortified by the following accurate statement of one year's provisions:—Wheat flour, used in conventual or gruel (coarse) bread, 319 quarters; barleymeal for the same, 112 quarters; oatmeal for pottage, 80 quarters; ditto for dogs, 39 quarters; provender for the horses, 411 quarters; oats malted for ale, 636 quarters; barley, or mixtilio (to be explained hereafter), 80 quarters. They generally brewed 12 quarters at each

Pandoxation, as it was termed, and that once every week, and sometimes oftener.

" Thus much for their bread, beer, and pottage. With respect to animal food, besides venison, fish, poultry, &c., they slaughtered in one year, 64 oxen, 35 cows, one steer, 140 sheep*, and 69 pigs. To lubricate this immense quantity of shambles-meat, and for every other domestic purpose, they consumed, in the year, only 113 stones of butter; and yet four quarters of fine flour were used in pies and pasties.

" Their spiceries, though expensive, were used with no sparing hand: *ex gr.* in one year, almonds, 200lb., 33*s.*; rice, 72lb., 9*s.*; pepper, 19lb., 21*s.* 7*d.*; saffron, 4lb., 23*s.*; cummin, 25lb., 2*s.* 8*d.*; one quartern of maces; one race of figs and raisins, &c. &c.

" Most of these were bought for the great festival of the Assumption, which was celebrated as the foundation-day of the priory; and, for the same occasion, the canons purchased three salmons, 24

* " Mutton in the Compotus is always called caro mutilina. *Mutilo*, of which the derivation and reason are obvious, was a wether. The word was afterwards corrupted into *multo*, and hence the English *mutton*."

lampreys de Naunt*, an esturgeon, 200 and a quarter of lamprons, and 300 eels.

"The reader has now pretty nearly the bill of fare for a festival-dinner at Bolton, almost five centuries ago.

"But the canons held that a good dinner required a certain proportion of wine; and accordingly I find, that in one year they paid for one dolium of wine at Hull, 50*s.*; for two dolia, 6*l.*; for three dolia, 7*l.* 10*s.*; for one dolium, 56*s.* 8*d.* The dolium was a tun of 252 gallons, and the average price about 3*d.* a gallon; so that the consumption of one year (at least the stock laid in) was nearly 1800 gallons, or at least 8000 bottles, at about the fortieth part of the present value.

"In these entertainments the ear was gratified as well as the palate; for I find, at every festival, the minstrels very liberally rewarded.

"The clothing or habits of the canons were fine

"These, I think, were the Petromyzon Marinus, as the lampron, still called by that name in Cumberland, was the Petr. Fluviatilis. The former were bought cum funatione, ready dressed and highly seasoned. In this state they were probably sent from Nantz. Epicurism is not peculiar to modern times. We learn from Dugdale, that the Neviles sent fish ready cooked from Warwick to Middleham."

cloth of 3*s.* a yard (much dearer than the finest broad cloth at present); the novices wore 'frizons;' the servants and garciones were clothed in a manufacture of their own refuse wool; their doublets, trowsers, stockings, and even hoods, being of the same material.

"One practice of the canons was good-natured and accommodating: resorting annually to St. Botolph's fair (the great fair of Boston), they purchased articles of dress of a superior quality, such as could not be had at home, for the gentlemen, and even the ladies of Craven, which prove how expensively they were clothed. Half a piece of cloth, with fur, for the lady of Stiveton, 71*s.* 4*d.*; one robe for Ralph de Otterburn, 19*s.* 4*d.*; furs bought for sir Adam de Midelton, for two years wear, 19*s.*

"Multiply 19*s.* 4*d.* by 15, and it will leave 14*l.* 10*s.* as the price of a single suit for a country gentleman.

"It may also be observed, that ladies, at least of ordinary rank, wore woollen cloth, faced with fur, like the gowns of gentlemen, and probably not greatly differing from them in shape. In this they consulted their own comfort and the nature of the climate.

" The physician's fee for visiting a canon, I suppose from York, was 6*s.* 1*d.*; a Ric. Apotecarius made up the medicines; but his practice in the house must have been a bad one, for all the preparations that I meet with are, ' Lectuar. ad opus fr. W. Donyngton, et ilb. of Lenitif. Laxatif.'

" The bounty of the canons was divided into three classes: Exennia, or presents to great men; Curialitates, or acts of courtesy to persons of inferior rank; and thirdly, the Distributio Pauperum; which last, except the sacred oblations, consisted principally in grain. Under the second head was one curious article: they presented their haymakers, tithe-gatherers, herdsmen, with a pair of gloves each; on others they bestowed silk purses.

" They consumed vast quantities of oatmeal pottage, but made no oat bread, excepting for horses; a practice continued in Craven three centuries after. But, in lieu of oat bread, they had an odd composition, which they called *mixtilio*, consisting of the following proportions, viz. 49 bushels of wheat flour, 16 of rye, 70 of barley, 73 of oats, and sometimes a small proportion of bean meal. This was subdivided into two kinds: the finer, called con-

vent bread; the coarser, Panis gruellus. They even malted and brewed this mixture.

"Their wool, though occasionally much dearer, sold, on an average, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a stone: the produce of 2000 sheep came to about 70*l.* A sheep sold for a shilling, so that the wool was worth two-thirds of the animal.

"Their best cloth was purchased at St. Botolph's fair. Sometimes the cloth thus purchased was shorn the first time, and sometimes a second time at home.

"The average wages of a man-servant, with meat and clothing, were from three to five shillings only *per annum*; yet they paid their reapers 2*d.* a day. Two hundred and sixty stones and an half of lead cost 4*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.*, or nearly 2*l.* 5*s.* a ton; thirty quarters of fossil-coal were bought for 17*s.* 6*d.*

"In order to reduce these sums to the present standard, we must first multiply by three, as the weight of every penny in silver was thrice as much as at present; we may then multiply once more by five, or thereabouts. By this rule the receipts and expenditure of the canons of Bolton would amount to about 10,000*l.* *per annum* of our money.

"Prior de Land was an active man, and lived in

an eventful period. He built the prior's lodgings and chapel; attended at Skipton or Bolton two sovereigns, Edward the First and Second; saw the extinction of the Albemarles; the escheat of Skipton Castle to the crown; the rise and ruin of Peirs Gavestone in Craven, with the introduction of the Cliffords into his place; entertained two metropolitans, Greenfield and Melton; took two journeys to Rome; attended many convocations, most of the general chapters of his order, and three parliaments. His old age was clouded with misfortune; he was driven from his house, and saw the dispersion of his convent by the ravages of the Scots; but he survived the last of these calamities several years, and though he had resigned his dignity, died, as he deserved, in honour*!"

The last three priors of Bolton Abbey, Christopher Wood, Thomas Ottelay, and Richard Moone, were contemporaries with lord Henry the shepherd: the first entered on his office in July 1483; the second in October 1495; and the third in April 1513.

At what time lord Henry lost his first wife, by

* History of Craven, pp. 401, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

whom he left one son, is not known; but ten or eleven years previous to his decease, he married a second lady, Florence, daughter of Henry Pudsay, esq. of Bolton, and widow of sir Thomas Talbot of Bashall*.

Thus, in the bosom of domestic intercourse and studious retirement, never travelling out of England, and seldom visiting its court or capital, but when called to parliament, in which he is said to have exhibited the integrity and good sense of a plain but truly patriotic nobleman, passed in tranquillity nearly thirty years of the life of lord Clifford. In the year 1513, however, and when on the verge of sixty, he was roused from the peaceful tenor of his days by the sudden call of war, being honoured by his sovereign with a chief command in

* This lady, on the decease of her second husband, was married to Richard, third son of Thomas, marquis Dorset, son of Elizabeth Widvile. "The gradual advancement of this lady," observes Whitaker, "is remarkable: her father was an esquire; her first husband a knight; her second a baron; her last the grandson of a queen. She survived her father-in-law, who was slain at Towton, ninety-seven years; and having conversed with many of the principals in the war between the houses, must, in the middle of the next century, if her memory remained, have been a living chronicle, fraught with information and entertainment." P. 254.

the army destined to act against Scotland, and which terminated its successful career by the decisive victory at Flodden Field. It was then seen that neither the advance of years, nor the quietude of more than common seclusion, had quenched within him that martial spirit which had distinguished so many of his ancestors; for, with a promptitude and zeal which could not but astonish those who had known the habits of his early life, he collected together his friends and retainers, inspiring them with the ardour which he himself felt, and conducting them, firm and faithful to his standard, to the field of glory.

Nor was the patriotism of the shepherd lord forgotten in the records of his day; for he and his followers are thus honourably mentioned in the old popular poem entitled Flodden Field:

> From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
> From Linton to Long Addingham,
> And all that Craven coasts did till,
> They with the lusty Clifford came;
> All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
> With striplings strong from Wharledale,
> And all that Hauton hills did climb,
> With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,

Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,
Well brown'd with sounding bows upbend;
All such as Horton Fells had fed
On Clifford's banner did attend.

More fortunate than his brave ancestor, Robert de Clifford, first lord of Skipton, who perished, as we have seen, at the fatal struggle at Bannockburn, lord Henry long survived to tell of the laurels which he had won on the field of Flodden.

Of the precise manner in which he distinguished himself in this celebrated action we have no certain knowledge; but as, like the battle of Bannockburn, that of Flodden is, in no slight degree, blended with the history and character of one of the Clifford family, and has been in the same manner misrepresented by every historian save one, I shall not hesitate to give as a counterpart to the former battle-piece, the picture of Flodden which sir Walter Scott has founded on the detail of Pinkerton *, the only account, he says, which is not full of blunder and inconsistency; and in doing this, I have, with the view of heightening the effect, mingled a few

* History, book xi.

of his metrical but equally graphical touches with the sketch which he has drawn in prose.

" On the evening," he relates, " previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor-wood, and king James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hills, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between king James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic de-

claration which Pitscottie puts in his mouth, 'that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field,' and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

"When the English army by their skilful counter-march were fairly placed between king James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built—moving down the hill in deep silence:—

"—See! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."—
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march, their tread alone:
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne,
King James did rushing come.—

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

"The earls of Huntley and of Home commanded the left wing of the Scotch, and charged sir Edmund Howard with such success, as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund Howard's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded, by the Scottish historians, with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the admiral, whose flank

these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom were slain and their forces routed. On the left the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The king and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient at the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing

being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow:

Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield *!"

Marmion, pp. cxx., cxxi., 354—cxxii., cxxiii., 369.

Lord Henry Clifford returned from the Field of Flodden hoping to enjoy with, if possible, still encreased zest, the quiet retreat and romantic solitudes of Barden Forest and Bolton Abbey. But, as is often the case with wealth and rank, his station and connexions too often forced him into scenes which were foreign to his heart; and, what was infinitely more distressing, his peace of mind was for some years broken in upon by the wild and extravagant conduct of the son whom he had by his first lady. It was not, therefore, without regret, without many a sigh, resulting from the contrast, that he looked back upon those years once, perhaps, thought tedious and humiliating, as now the happiest of his life, when in the lowly but peaceful seclusion of the shepherd's cot, he was a stranger alike to grief, ingratitude, or care.

Assuredly, therefore, we shall not err, if, with an elegant poet of the present day *, and a descendant also of the house of Clifford, we estimate the experience of lord Henry to have been, in his old age, what the following beautiful sonnets very shrewdly surmise.

* Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges.

SONNET 1.

I wish I could have heard thy long-tried lore,
Thou virtuous Lord of Skipton! Thou couldst well
From sage Experience, that best teacher, tell,
How far within the Shepherd's humble door
Lives the sure happiness, that on the floor
Of gay Baronial Halls disdains to dwell,
Tho' deck'd with many a feast, and many a spell
Of gorgeous rhyme, and echoing with the roar
Of Pleasure clamorous round the full-crown'd bowl!
Thou hadst (and who had doubted thee?) exprest,
What empty baubles are the ermin'd stole,
Proud coronet, rich walls with tapestry drest,
And music lulling the sick frame to rest!
Bliss only haunts the pure contented soul!

SONNET 2.

Month after month, and year succeeding year,
When still the budding Spring, and yet again
The eddying leaf upon the dingy plain
Saw thee still happy in thy humble sphere,
But still as each return of foliage sere,
And still as on the warm banks of the lane,
Shelter'd with covering wood, the primrose train
Began to ope their yellow buds, a tear
Would start unbidden from thy placid cheek,
And a deep pang would swell thy honest heart,
At hopes so long deferr'd:—yet couldst thou speak,
Wouldst thou not thus the precious truth impart?
"Dearer those scenes, tho' mixed with many a sigh,
Than all the joys that Grandeur can supply*!"

* Vide Censura Literaria, vol. vi. pp. 402, 403.

On April the 23d, 1523, this amiable and virtuous nobleman paid the debt of nature, having survived the battle of Flodden nearly ten years, and attained his seventieth year. He had given directions in his will to be interred at Shap, in Westmoreland, if he died in that county, or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire; and there is every reason to suppose that, in a vault now almost choked with rubbish, on the south side of the choir of Bolton Abbey, and which Dr. Whitaker conjectures to have been the resting-place of the lords of Skipton and patrons of Bolton, the remains of lord Henry the shepherd were deposited.

[*To be continued.*]

No. IX.

See from our native Britain's fair Domains,
With friendly emulation, Bards appear!
See them the *Tuscan Muses'* Banner rear,
And waft *Valchiusa* to our sterner plains:
Hear gentle Spenser, gallant Sidney's strains;
And DRUMMOND, to the Woodland Sisters dear.

CAPEL LOFFT.

THERE are few recollections more delightful than those which are called up by a retrospect of the beautiful and romantic scenery which has been visited in early life. Impressions are then made which, as long as the faculties remain entire, no aftertime has power to efface, so blended are they, so indissolubly associated with all that, during this spring-tide of our existence, is wont to spread around our path a fairy charm.

It was under the influence of this hope-inspiring season of life,

When the heart promis'd what the fancy drew,

that I enjoyed the opportunity of visiting many of the most striking and picturesque combinations of

scenery in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and in the western Highlands of Scotland.

Amongst those in the neighbourhood of the capital, none engaged more of my attention, or have been, from various causes, remembered with more pleasure, than the lovely Banks of the Esk, presenting, as they do, so many spots rendered in no ordinary degree interesting by traditionary lore and literary reminiscences.

The sweetly plaintive air entitled *Roslin Castle* has given a kind of general celebrity to one of the most favoured of these scenes, favoured, indeed, not more by the hand of nature than by the presence of those vestiges of hoar antiquity which almost involuntarily excite in the mind a countless host of retrospections.

Beside these attractions for the antiquary and the lover of landscape, the village of Roslin, situated not more than eight miles from Edinburgh, offers a most delicious retreat in the summer for parties of all ranks and tastes, who, tempted by the profusion of fine strawberries which are cultivated in its gardens for the public palate, are often seen here during the season in immense numbers. It is not, however, on an occasion like this that Roslin

should be visited for the purpose of entering into the *character* of its scenery, as it in no degree accords with a display which however cheerful and amusing for a short time, altogether breaks in upon that romantic seclusion, that wild yet solemn grandeur, which every man of feeling would, in such a place, endeavour to preserve inviolate.

It was not indeed until the claims of friendship induced me to revisit Roslin, for the purpose of consoling the languid hours of an invalid companion, who had chosen its woods and rocks for the advantages of retirement and country air, that I possessed an opportunity fully adequate to the due enjoyment of the peculiar beauties which so remarkably distinguish this place and the adjacent banks of the Esk.

Roslin, which lies as it were midway on the Esk, between domains rendered dear to memory, as we we shall find, by literary associations, is one of those few favoured spots that can boast of exhibiting at one view, in its far-famed castle and chapel, the remains of feudal and monastic grandeur. They were both built, the latter in 1446, by William St. Clair, prince of Orkney, a descendant of the Norman chief, William de Sancto Clere, to whom the

barony of Roslin had been granted by Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, in the twelfth century.

The castle, whose ruins, though now not of considerable extent, are yet striking in their effect, rises immediately from a bold rock overhanging a beautiful bend of the river. It appears to have been formerly a fortress of much importance and strength; and having, with the exception of the round tower, the only relique of the first structure, been burnt by the army of Henry the Eighth, in 1554, was shortly afterwards rebuilt, again to moulder into ruin. It shows to great advantage as a picturesque object from various parts of the river and its banks; and I particularly remember being struck with its appearance, on crossing a wooden bridge situated a short distance up the stream, where its time-worn turrets, the chapel, and the sweep of the Esk, with its craggy sides, richly clothed with wood, rush upon the eye with the most imposing result.

Happily dissimilar in its fate to the castle, the chapel remains in the finest preservation, and exhibits an admirable specimen of the florid gothic in its richest and most elaborated style, every part susceptible of minute decoration being profusely ornamented with the most delicate and highly-finished

carved work. Thus, on the exterior, the buttresses are beautifully and doubly pinnacled with niches and canopies for statues, whilst within, the pillars are surmounted by exquisitely wrought capitals, no two being alike. The interior, indeed, simply consists of a nave and two side aisles, the latter being separated from the former by two series of pillars, five in each series, whilst the roof, semicircular in its form, and constructed of stone, appears worked into square compartments with roses, a flower which is seen also on the pillars and buttresses, and introduced, we were told, in allusion to the name of the place, a play of fancy, however, not warranted by correct etymology, which deduces the word Rosslinne, from *ross*, Gaelic for a promontory, and *linnhe*, a pool or fall of water.

In a vault beneath the floor of the chapel lie buried, it is said, nearly twenty of the barons of Roslin; but the only monuments which time has spared are those of an earl of Caithness and of a sir William St. Clair, a contemporary of king Robert Bruce, and concerning whose prowess in a hunting excursion with that monarch we had to listen to a long story from the lips of our somewhat garrulous conductor. We were informed also, that

when any of the descendants of the house of St. Clair were about to die, the chapel of Roslin would seem to be on fire; a superstition of which sir Walter Scott has since beautifully availed himself, in his Lay of the Last Minstrel, where, relating the melancholy fate of Rosabelle St. Clair, he tells us,

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wonderous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie*;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

* "The manner of their interment," says sir Walter Scott, "is thus described in a *MS. History of the Family of St. Clair, by Richard Augustin Hay*, canon of St. Genevieve:

"Sir William St. Clair, the father, went to Ireland, his retreat being occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin, the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good father was

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

From Roslin to Hawthornden, a spot dear to the lovers of poetry as the birth-place and residence of *William Drummond*, the Petrarch of Scotland, there is a moderate and delightful walk through woods and fields. Nothing can be more romantic than the site of the poet's house, which is placed, like an eagle's nest, on the verge of a precipitous

buried, his (i. e. sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave, but when they came to touch his body it fell into dust. He was lying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone. Nothing was spoiled, except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner in their armour: late Rosline, my good father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of king James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner."
—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Notes, p. 330, 8vo edition.

rock, in whose sides have been cut by human art, in an age of remote antiquity, caves of vast extent, whilst, at its foot, rolls the beautiful stream of the Esk through a deep glen or valley, richly skirted with wood.

It was with feelings of no ordinary gratification, that, with the poet's sonnets in my hand, I first traced this lovely and sequestered scene; and it is scarcely with less pleasure that even now, at the distance of nearly forty years, I once more revert, though but in memory's tablet, to its classic shades, endeavouring at the same time to collect, with that partiality for retrospection which advancing age so fondly cherishes, some circumstances of the life and literary leisure of one who has thrown around the woods and the caves of Hawthornden the associations and celebrity of a second Vaucluse.

William Drummond, son of sir Robert Drummond, and allied to the royal family of Scotland by the marriage of the sister of his ancestor, William Drummond of Carnock, to Robert the Third, was born at Hawthornden, the seat of his father, on the 13th of December, 1585. Having received an excellent education at Edinburgh, at first in the High School, and subsequently in the university of the

same place, where, in the year 1606, he took his degree of Master of Arts, he was, at the age of twenty-one, sent by his father, who had destined him for the legal profession, to attend lectures on the civil law at Bourges in France.

After a residence of four years on the continent, during which he had diligently and successfully pursued his studies, he returned to Scotland in 1610, and with the intention of practising the law; but the death of his father, which occurred a few months after he had reached home, and his own preponderating attachment to the *belles lettres*, together with very limited desires as to the possession of wealth, induced him, at the age of twenty-five, to retire to his paternal estate, where, uninterrupted by the turmoil of the world, he might devote himself to his beloved books, and the nurture of his poetical talents.

To a mind thus early disposed and prepared to enjoy and to improve the advantages of solitude, no situation could be better adapted than the romantic seclusion of Hawthornden, a spot which, from the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, would seem purposely suited to foster and expand the powers of imagination; and here, indeed, it was

that the best and earliest of his poems were composed.

How deeply he was imbued with those sentiments and feelings which, even in the spring-time of life, lead their charmed votary from the busy haunts of man, will be evident from the two following sonnets, written during this period of his residence at Hawthornden, and taken, indeed, from poems, a part of which was printed as soon as 1616, if not before, and the rest in 1623. In the first, which appeared in the earliest of these publications, he seems to apprehend some approaching necessity which may compel him to quit his favourite retreat.

' Dear wood! and you, sweet solitary place,
Where I, estranged from the vulgar, live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
With sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were my own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

Beautiful as is the expression as well as the sentiment of this sonnet, it is surpassed in both by its companion, which, whilst it breathes a calm and philosophic dignity, is remarkable, at the same time, for the sweetness and harmony of its versification.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love:
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods, harmless shades, have only true delights *.

Were it possible to have increased such a decided partiality for solitude as these sonnets evince, it would have been effected by two events which occurred to their author during this period. To

* In copying these, and the following sonnets, I have availed myself of the various readings to be found in the editions of 1623, 1656, 1711, and 1791, adopting those which appeared to me the most poetical.

one of these, indeed, it might naturally be supposed that his temperament, in a high degree sensitive and susceptible, would peculiarly incline him; and it was not, therefore, long before his seclusion became doubly interesting to him through the influence of the tenderest of the affections, an influence, indeed, to which, with the young and imaginative, solitude has been found very generally to lead.

The object of his attachment was a descendant of an ancient and honourable house, a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes, a lady young, and beautiful, and accomplished, and possessing, like himself, an enthusiastic love for retirement. Yet it would appear from the tenor of his poems, that, notwithstanding this congeniality of taste, it was long before he had made any deep impression on the heart of his mistress, and that he had had some reason to complain of her coldness and reserve. At length, however, he was made happy by a return of affection, and the day was even fixed for the celebration of their nuptials, when, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence to which, in this world of trial and probation, we are called upon to submit, she was suddenly snatched from him by the hand

of death, a violent fever terminating her life, and, with her, all his fondest dreams of happiness on earth.

To a heart of such keen sensibility as was our poet's, alive to all the finer feelings of humanity, yet taught by habit and secession from general society to centre all its hopes and wishes on one beloved object, the shock must have been for a time almost overwhelming. If we may judge, indeed, from his poetical effusions, it was never entirely surmounted, but has thrown over the greater portion of them that interesting air of melancholy which so much attaches us to the writings of Petrarch. In fact, the most striking affinity may be found between the passion and the poetry of the two bards; they had each alike to lament the reserve and the loss of the objects of their first affection; and their sonnets may with equal propriety be divided into those which were written previous to, and after their respective deaths.

It shall now be my pleasing task to select from these two classes of our author's sonnets a few instances, which will assuredly prove with what exquisite taste and feeling, with what delicacy of

thought and felicity of expression, this neglected poet of the early part of the seventeenth century could utter the sorrows of his heart.

From the first and second specimens, culled from those sonnets which were written during the progress of his amour, we may form some idea not only of the person of his mistress, but of the character of her mind, which appears to have been both amiable and of a superior cast.

O sacred blush empurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings, which spread thee like the morn;
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which though slid down on earth doth heaven adorn:
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born;
And you, her words;—words?—no, but golden chains,
Which did enslave mine ears, ensnare my soul;
Wise image of her mind—mind that contains
A power all power of senses to control:
So sweetly you from love's "dear hope warn" me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

The frail and transitory existence of youth and female charms was never more impressively whispered in the ear of unrelenting beauty than through the medium of the following sonnet:

Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow;
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enroll'd:
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold;
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes.
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

Of the various pieces which, in this section of his sonnets, the poet has composed to lament the insensibility of his mistress, or to soothe his own sorrows, I shall select one which will immediately remind the reader of a passage on the same subject in Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth. To say that this little poem has any pretensions to rival the celebrated invocation of our great dramatist, which I consider, indeed, as incomparable, would be absurd; but it may be averred, that for the brief and restricted nature of the sonnet, it has merit of no common kind.

TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, Silence' child! sweet father of soft rest!
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppress'd:
Lo! by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come! but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

Much, however, as from this portion of his works our bard might be supposed fettered and absorbed by the cruel uncertainties of love, there is every reason to conclude from the sonnet I am about to quote, and which forms a part of these early productions, that he suffered not his mind to be enervated and broken down by a state of suspense; but that, as his lines nobly express it, an honest ambition, and the desire of living well, if not long, bore him up against all the suggestions of indolence or despair.

Ah! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils a while appease:
Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast;
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise:
What though I trace not right heaven's steepy ways,
It doth suffice my fall shall make me blest.
I do not dote on days, I fear not death,
So that my life be good, I wish't not long;
Let me renown'd live from the worldly throng,
And when Heaven lists, recall this borrow'd breath.
Men but like visions are, time all doth claim,
He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

The sonnets which I have now quoted, pleasing as they are both in thought and diction, are yet, as might be readily conceived, inferior as well in interest as in pathos to those which were written after the death of Miss Cunningham. The sorrows of love, which, whilst their object is innocent and in health, may be viewed with a smile, are trifles light as air when compared with that deep anguish which must agitate the breast of him who follows to the tomb her who has been torn from his arms at the very moment when happiness, such as this world seldom offers, seemed placed within his reach. If ever under any infliction excessive

grief could be deemed allowable, a privation like this might plead for its admission; and if ever, after the first burst of agony were over, widowed affection poured forth the unaffected language of the heart, it will be found in many of the pieces which constitute this department of the poet's works. Than the sonnets, indeed, which I have now to bring forward as proofs of this assertion, I know none in any language which, for pathos of sentiment and delicacy of expression, can be justly thought superior.

Sweet Spring, thou turn'st * with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The Zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet Spring;—but ah, my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
Whilst thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

It is recorded in the life of Drummond prefixed

* Evidently used for *return'st*.

to the folio edition of his works, that he was passionately fond of music, and that when his spirits were exhausted by too severe study, he solaced himself by playing on the lute, an instrument which he touched with uncommon skill and effect *. That it had often brought delight to the ear of his buried

* Of the fascination of music, and of its influence over the feelings and passions of the human breast, I know not that we have had of late days a more interesting picture than what the following stanzas will afford. They are taken from a poem published three or four years ago by the Rev. William Branwhite Clarke, B. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and entitled "The River Derwent, Part the First;" and I must be permitted to remark, that the author has, throughout the whole of this little brochure, not only shown great skill in the construction of the Spenserian stanza, but no small share of the fervor and inspiration of the poet. There are many passages beside the one which I am about to bring forward written with uncommon energy and enthusiasm, and I would wish more especially to particularize among these, as of singular beauty, the description of the influence of mountain scenery over the mind—it is worthy of any age or any poet —But, reverting to the subject which suggested this note, I proceed to my promised quotation.

Sweet charmer of the cottage and the throne—
The desert and the crowded city's throngs—
Oh! let me hear thee, whilst I stand alone
Among the green hills, captive to thy songs!—
Or when amid the world's unfeeling wrongs

love we learn from the following lines, which breathe indeed the very soul of tenderness itself.

I dwell a prisoner—or when o'er me roll
The mists of fancy; yet to thee belongs
To chain to imaged scenes my gladden'd soul,
And to unbosom thoughts beyond the world's control!

For thou, oh Music! canst assuage the pain,
And heal the wound, which hath defied the skill
Of sager comforters:—thou dost restrain
Each wild emotion at thy wondrous will;
Thou dost the rage of fiercest passions chill,
Or lightest up the flames of soft desire,
As through the mind thy plaints harmonious thrill,
And *thus* a magic doth surround the lyre,
A power divine doth dwell amid the sacred quire!

Thou call'st the soldier to the field of fame,
When drum and trumpet peal the cry of war;
Thou bid'st him glory's meed ambitious claim,
And spreadest his unsullied fame afar;
And when, beneath the evening's placid star,
The lover clasps the form of her he loves,
Thou dost descend on night's acrial car
And hov'rest o'er them in the vocal groves,
And hear'st each whisper'd vow Affection's ear approves!

Unto devotion thou dost furnish wings,
Making it soar above the things of earth;
With thee, the soul unto the fountain springs,
Which shall renew it with a second birth:
God, and his power, and his unbounded worth

My lute, be as thou wert, when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,

Thou hallowedst, when light from chaos sprang,
And heaven's high host were jubilant in mirth,
And the wide firmament with harping rang,
And listening, star to star, in their staid courses, sang!

Nature is full of thee:—the summer bower
Respondeth to the songster's morning lay;
The bee his concert keeps from flower to flower,
As forth he sallies on his honied way;
Brook calls to brook as down the hills they stray;
The isles resound with song, from shore to shore;
Whilst 'viewless minstrels' on the wings that play
Consorted strains, in liquid measures, pour
To thunder's deep-ton'd voice, or ocean's sullen roar.

But music never is so chastely sweet
As at the hour when heaven and earth do sleep;
When gentle tones in soft gradation meet,
And Echo sits upon some moonlit steep;
When song is whisper'd o'er the waveless deep,
And, from some ladie bower, the harp doth thrill,—
Or bugle-call, from castle's guarded keep,—
Or strains, as sweet as these whose murmurings fill
The listening ear of night, whilst all around is still.

Fancy leaps up, and, frantic at the sound,
Recals the hours of goodness, when, of yore,
The holy tenant of this rich domain *
Was wont to mingle with the torrent's roar
The solemn numbers of the hymn which bore

* St. Herbert, who inhabited the island which now bears his name.

When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
Be, therefore, silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

We cannot be surprised if a loss so unexpected and severe should for a time, notwithstanding a deep sense of religious resignation, occasion some

His heart to heaven; when his unsolaced cell
But hearken'd his devotion, and the shore
Which now is trembling with the rustic swell,
Heard the deep-mutter'd toll of his lone vesper-bell.

Rock answers rock, and through the woody dell
Flies the rich confluence: bending from her throne,
As if some witchcraft with entrancing spell
Bound her to earth, the light-ensphered moon,
With soften'd splendour, tenderly looks down;
The stars which round her glistening orb are set
The soft dominion of the numbers own,
And every gem in night's bright coronet
Gleams with a purer ray, where'er those tones have met.

very gloomy feelings of despondency; nor that amongst the various delineations of his sufferings, he should have given language to these feelings in a sonnet of singular energy and beauty.

O it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;
O it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem, a shadow, yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case:
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

The other event to which I alluded, as giving additional strength to our bard's predilection for retirement during this period of his life, originated from the delicate state of his health. He had not been long, there is reason to suppose, at Hawthornden, after his first return from the continent in 1610, before he was seized with a dangerous illness, on recovering from which he is said to have written his prose tract entitled "The Cypress

Grove," in which, in a strain of great piety and sublimity, he paints the vanity and instability of all human affairs, and endeavours by the most consolatory views of religion to strip death of its terrors. It was to be expected also that on such a subject he should wish to call the powers of poetry to his aid; and accordingly his earliest biographer informs us, that about the same time he composed his "Flowers of Sion: or Spiritual Poems," though they were not printed at Edinburgh until 1623. They consist of pieces in various metrical forms, and contain a few of his very best sonnets. The following I conceive to have been written when he was about thirty years of age.

Look how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head;
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright,
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

That the sonnet, notwithstanding the brevity and somewhat complex nature of its construction, is susceptible, in no small degree, of sublimity of thought and corresponding dignity of expression, has been amply proved in our language by several of the well-known sonnets of Milton; nor will the one which I am going to instance from the "Spiritual Poems" of Drummond, and which must have been read by the author of *Paradise Lost*, with whom the Scottish bard was a great favourite, with singular delight, be considered as scarcely less decisive evidence in support of the same opinion.

Beneath a sable veil, and shadows deep,
Of inaccessible and dimming light,
In silence, ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind his secrets hid doth keep:
Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
To pry, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysmes, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me show:
The more I search of thee the less I know.

There is not, perhaps, to be found any where a

sonnet of greater sweetness, as to versification, or greater beauty, as to sentiment, than the one which, in this division of his volume, is addressed to the nightingale. It is a strain of hallowed gratitude which seems worthy of ascending to the throne of heaven:

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angel's lays.

There are, in various parts of our author's poems, allusions not only to the indisposition which appears to have affected him shortly after his first settling at Hawthornden, but to a second attack, which I should conjecture to have occurred immediately after the death of Miss Cunningham. As the sonnets which include these allusions rank amongst the

best of the bard's productions, and throw some light upon the early history of his life, I shall transcribe them in this place. The first is taken from the pieces entitled "Divine Poems."

More oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and in gold;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in dust their far-stretch'd pride uproll'd.
All, all is mine beneath moon's silver sphere;
And nought, save Virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believed, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrors thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take:
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow;
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day as if it were thy last.

The second, termed the *Author's Epitaph*, is addressed to sir William Alexander, afterwards, in the year 1630, created earl of Stirling, a poet of no inconsiderable merit, and one of the most intimate friends of Drummond. It may be necessary to state, that in compliance with a fashion then common amongst the scholars of the age, they were in the habit of designating each other by classical appellations.

Though I have *twice* been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amid thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, these joys, heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:
"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk:—may roses shade the place."

As I shall not, in all probability, have occasion to quote more than one or two additional sonnets from our author, and those which have already been given are in sufficient number to afford a fair opportunity for judging of his merits in this department, it may not here, perhaps, be impertinent to inquire, placing these and other of his sonnets of approaching excellence before us, if any species of composition could be better suited to express that tender, yet dignified and philosophic melancholy, which threw such an interest over the days of the bard of Hawthornden, than the sonnet?

I would wish to reply in the language of one,

who, in the eighteenth number of that valuable and well-conducted publication, the *Retrospective Review*, has thus most beautifully and satisfactorily answered the query.

"Drummond," he remarks, "loved the country with that deep and placid love which a calm and contemplative poet alone feels. He had suffered deeply,—he possessed a rich store of learning,—he had a wise and thoughtful turn of mind,—and, feeling a lively relish for all the charms of nature, he indulged his genius in poetico-philosophical reflections upon life, its vicissitudes, hopes, sorrows, and vanities. To one of this mood, no form of poetry is so admirably adapted as the sonnet; the entire, the unique, the harmonious, the dignified sonnet! that little poem, big with one fine sentiment, richly adorned and delicately wrought! never tiring, never flagging! which bursts forth with an organ-like peal, and proceeds in a sustained and majestic march, until the soft and melodious close sweetly and gently winds up the whole. When a silver voice takes its course through a fine sonnet, like many of those of our author, we listen to it as to an oracle; when the sound ceases, we feel as if a revelation had been made, and the very silence

becomes musical. No poem leaves the mind in a finer mood than the grand and solemn sonnet*."

After giving this brief sketch of the youthful days of Drummond, of his first attachment, and of part of his earliest poetry, I regret to state, with regard to the period which follows, occupying not less than sixteen or eighteen years, until his marriage in 1630, that the accounts which have been transmitted to us are highly confused and contradictory. It is recorded in the first life, and all subsequent biographies of our poet, that, in order to dissipate his grief for the loss of Miss Cunningham, he passed over to the continent, where he resided *eight* years, and that, on returning to Scotland, finding the nation in a state of religious and political anarchy, instead of retiring to Hawthornden, he took up his abode with his brother-in-law, sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, residing with this gentleman a sufficient length of time to enable him to begin and complete his "History of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland," after which he returned to his paternal seat, in order to prepare for his intended marriage in 1630.

* No. 18, p. 359.

Now, from a consideration and combination of various intervening circumstances, which I shall immediately enumerate, it would appear that this account cannot possibly be correct. We find our author, for instance, at Hawthornden in 1612, lamenting the premature decease of Henry prince of Wales, in an elegy, entitled "Tears on the Death of Moeliades." In 1617, he was one of many, who, at Edinburgh, addressed king James in a panegyrical poem, called "The Wandering Muses, or The River of Forth Feasting," congratulating him on his first return to Scotland after his accession to the English throne. In 1618, there is a letter extant in his collected works*, written to his friend, the celebrated Michael Drayton, from his northern seat. We are told also, that Ben Jonson, when at the age of *forty-five*, walked to Hawthornden to visit him; and as we know the dramatic poet to have been born in 1574, this visit must, of course, have taken place in 1619. In 1623, we have a letter in the folio edition addressed to his highly-valued correspondent, sir William Alexander, in which he deplores the mortality of that year in

* Folio edition, p. 234.

Scotland, and the numerous friends which he had lost; and in 1624, at the close of the same edition, there is an admirable epistle and sonnet from Robert Kerr, earl of Ancram, dated Cambridge, December the 16th, and directed to Mr. William Drummond, at Hawthornden. It is stated, moreover, in the life prefixed to the folio of 1711, that, as part of the fruits of his tour in France, Italy, and Germany, he enriched the library of his Alma Mater with a choice collection of books and manuscripts, of which he printed a catalogue at Edinburgh in 1626, preceded by an elegant Latin preface, the product of his own pen.

How the incidents and employments which I have thus brought together, as occurring between the years 1612 and 1630, can be deemed compatible with an uninterrupted residence of eight years upon the continent during the same period, it would be difficult to decide. The more probable supposition is, that our author commenced his travels anterior to 1617, and from the motives which have been assigned; and that, returning to Scotland in the course of that year, he occasionally revisited France and Italy, during those subsequent years in which we have found him unemployed at home.

Let us now, however, retracing the meagre outline which has been given of this important portion of his life, endeavour to fill up some part of the space which it includes, by critical comment or traditionary detail. Of the "Moeliades," published in 1612, and the "Forth Feasting," in 1617, and, consequently, both written some years anterior to the earliest productions of Waller, and the Cooper's Hill of Denham, it has been justly observed by Mr. Le Neve, that their harmony of numbers, "at a time when those, who are usually called the first introducers of a smooth and polished versification, had not yet begun to write, is an honour to him that should never be forgotten*."

In the latter of these poems the construction of the couplet is, indeed, in many instances singularly polished and melodious; to such a degree, in fact, as need not fear a comparison with any subsequent effort in the same metre, either of the last or present

* "A short Account of the Life and Writings of Drummond," first privately printed in a work entitled "Cursory Remarks on some of the Ancient English Poets, particularly Milton," and subsequently prefixed to the edition of Drummond, published at London in 1791.

age. Mr. Le Neve has selected four lines from this production which have been manifestly and closely copied by Pope; and to these, which I shall re-quote, I must beg leave to add two more instances from the same piece, which will equally remind the reader of the favourite cadences of the bard of Twickenham, and prove, at the same time, with what industry, taste, and discrimination, he had studied the pages of the Scottish poet.

To virgins, flowers; to sun-burnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd;
As woods in winter by rough Boreas foil'd;
As portraits raz'd of colours us'd to be;
So look'd these abject bounds deprived of thee.

O virtue's pattern, glory of our times!
Sent of past days to expiate the crimes;
Great king! but better far than thou art great,
Whom state not honours, but who honours state.

Numerous, indeed, are the passages that might be extracted from the poetry of Drummond, on which, independent of the few that have been no-

ticed by myself or others*, Pope appears to have exerted his powers of imitation. But, dropping any further instances of this kind, I wish to give my readers a more extended specimen of the admirable versification with which Drummond has often clothed his thoughts in this happy panegyric on king James, which, be it remembered, was written in the year 1617!

Let mother Earth now deck'd with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breath'd Zephyrs curl the meadows green;
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour;
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never Hours the web of day out-weave;
May never Night rise from her sable cave;
Swell proud, my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:—
Now where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton swain sits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder scorn,
The gaudy huntsman winds his shrill-ton'd horn.

Well might this poem attract, as we are told on good authority it did, not only the envy, but the

* A few have been noticed by Mr. Park, vide Biographia Britannica, vol. 5. p. 372. Kippis's edition.

praise of Ben Jonson, whose favourite metre was the English couplet, and who hesitated not to declare that he should have been proud to have been the author of *Forth Feasting*.

[*To be continued.*]

No. X.

Once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade.

COLLINS.

AMONG the intimate friends and correspondents of Drummond, Michael Drayton appears, and very deservedly, both from his virtues and his talents, to have held a high place. It would seem, indeed, that the year 1618, to which I have alluded, was the period in which their friendship commenced; for in the letter to which this date is annexed in the folio edition, the poet of Hawthornden thus addresses his brother bard. "If my letters were so welcome to you, what may you think yours were to me, which must be so much more welcome, in that the conquest I make is more than that of yours. They who by some strange means have had conference with some of the old heroes can only judge that delight I had in reading them; for they were to me as if they had come from Virgil, Ovid, or the father of our sonnets, Petrarch. *I must love this year of my life more dearly than any that forewent it, because in it I was so happy to be*

acquainted with such worth. How would I be overjoyed to see our North honoured with your works as before it was with Sidney's; though it be barren of excellency in itself, it can both love and admire the excellency of others *."

From this period, though it is not known that they ever personally met, an affectionate regard was maintained between these two amiable men by frequent letters, and by their great and mutual attachment to their common friend Alexander of Menstrie, earl of Stirling, author of "Recreations with the Muses." Drayton has tenderly commemorated his love and admiration of these his poetical contemporaries in the following pleasing lines:

——— Scotland sent us hither, for our own,
That man, whose name I ever would have known
To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
My ALEXANDER, to whom in his right
I want extremely; yet in speaking thus,
I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,
And not his numbers, which were brave, and high;
So like his mind was his clear poesy.
And my dear DRUMMOND, to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His poesy; for which two worthy men,
I *Menstrie* still shall love, and *Hawthornden* †.

* Works, folio edition, Edinburgh, 1711, p. 234.

† Elegy to H. Reynolds, esq.

Nor was Drummond, in return, backward in acknowledging his high estimation of the poetical merits of his friend; for, independent of the passage which I have just given from one of his epistles, he tells him in another letter, "Your truly heroical epistles did ravish me, and lately your most happy Albion put me into a new trance; works, most excellent portraits of a rarely indued mind, which, if one may conjecture of what is to come, shall be read, in spite of envy, so long as men shall read books*;" and in a manuscript which, with several others, was given by Mr. Abernethy Drummond, the poet's heir, to lord Buchan, were found, in a bundle of Drayton's letters to Drummond, the annexed verses in the handwriting of the latter, and supposed to have been addressed by Drummond to the English bard on receiving from him a copy of his poems.

Dum tua melliflui specto pigmenta libelli
Pendet ab eloquio mens mei rapta tuo,
At sensum expendens tumque altæ pondera mentis,
Sensus ab eximio me rapit eloquio:
Sed mage dædaleo miror te pectore qui sic
Cogis ad Italicos Anglica verba modos.
Eloquium, sensus, mentis vis dædala longe
Tollit humo ad superos te super astra Deos.

* Works, folio edition, p. 238.

It has been asserted that Ben Jonson travelled into Scotland solely with the view of visiting Drummond; but this is a mistake, for Jonson, whose grandfather was a native of Annandale in Scotland, had many friends in that country; and of the period which he passed there, only a small portion was devoted to the bard of Hawthornden. That he was received by Drummond with hospitality and kindness, and that Jonson ever spoke of his excursion into the land of his forefathers with delight, there is every reason, from combining what testimony remains, to conclude. No two men, however, could be more opposed, both in their dispositions and literary tastes, than were Drummond and Ben Jonson; for, whilst the latter, rough and dictatorial in his manners, a lover of conviviality and the busy hum of men, and a master of wit and sarcasm, bluntly and pointedly enforced his opinions, the former, gentle, pensive, and retired, a votary of solitude and contemplation, shrank trembling and disgusted from the contest. Yet, notwithstanding this disparity of habits and inclinations, Drummond has given us unequivocal proof, by noting down the heads of the conversation which passed between him and his friend during this visit *,

* First published in the folio edition of 1711, pp. 224-5-6.

that he attached much importance to his character and sentiments. The picture is, it is true, with regard to the personal failings of Jonson, what might be apprehended from their contrariety of tempers and tastes, somewhat dark and exaggerated; but it should be recollected, in opposition to those who charge the Scottish poet with deliberate perfidy and malevolence, that it was evidently intended merely for private use, that in all probability it escaped the fire solely from its author's forgetfulness, and that it did not appear before the public until more than half a century after his death. I heartily wish, however, it had never seen the light; for though I firmly believe that Drummond was well aware of the strength and originality of Jonson's powers, and had an affection, if not for the failings, yet for the better parts of his friend's character, still must it be pronounced, after every alleviating consideration, a representation in no slight degree fastidious and splenetic.

There is, however, much reason to suppose that Drummond cherished the remembrance of this visit from the English poet with no little pride and pleasure; for he had taken care that a seat which Jonson had selected as his favourite spot in the se-

questered wood of Hawthornden should be known to posterity as such, and it is yet pointed out to the tourist. The meeting, indeed, is one which, from the celebrity of the two characters, cannot fail to be recollected with more than common interest by every lover of poetry and literary history. It was so recollected, after the lapse of a century and a half, by two travellers of no ordinary fame. "I would by no means," says Boswell, whilst accompanying the great object of his admiration through Scotland in 1773, "lose the pleasure of seeing my friend at Hawthornden,—of seeing *Sam Johnson* at the very spot where *Ben Jonson* visited the learned and poetical Drummond.—We surveyed Roslin Castle, the romantic scene around it, and the beautiful gothic chapel, and dined and drank tea at the inn; after which we proceeded to Hawthornden and viewed the caves, and I all the while had *Rare Ben* in my mind, and was pleased to think that this place was now visited by another celebrated wit of England *."

A friendship more congenial, perhaps, had been for some time established between our author and his Alexis, Alexander, afterwards earl of Stirling;

* Tour to the Hebrides, p. 419, edition of 1786.

cemented, indeed, not only by a striking similarity in their literary tastes and general modes of thinking, but by a similitude of suffering in their earliest attachments to the fair sex, Alexander, like his friend, having been disappointed in obtaining the object of his first affections. I have already given one sonnet by Drummond, strongly indicative of the mutual regard of these young men, and that which I am about to quote affords us a pleasing proof that Miss Cunningham was wont to interest her admirer by singing or repeating to him the verses of his beloved bard:

ALEXIS, here she stay'd; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:
She set her by these musket eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear:
Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh; here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promis'd grace.
But, ah! what serv'd it to be happy so?
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe.

Another friend, highly valued by Drummond,

and whose love of the country and of retirement rivalled his own, was sir Robert Kerr, subsequently earl of Ancram. Than the letter and sonnet from his pen addressed to our poet, and to which I have alluded in a former page, I know few things more worthy of repeated transcription; more especially when we find it recorded, that his life was a practical comment on his professions, and that for piety and probity, as well as for taste and accomplishments, he had scarcely a superior.

" *To my worthy friend, Mr. William Drummond, of Hawthornden.*

" SIR,

" Every wretched creature knows the way to that place where it is most made of, and so do my verses to you, that was so kind to the last, that every thought I think that way hastes to be at you. It is true, I get leisure to think few, not that they are *cara* because *rara,* but, indeed, to declare that my employment and ingine * concurr to make them like Jacob's days, few and evil. Withal, I can think of no subject which doth not so resolve in a

* Ingenuity, capacity.

vein so opposite to this world's taste, that my verses are twice lost; to be known, like Indians among Spaniards, for their cross disposition; and as coming frome me, that can make none without an hammer and the fire, so as justly they cannot be *auribus hujus sæculi accommodata.* The best is, I care as little for them as their fame; yet, if you do not dislike them, it is warrant enough for me to let them live till they get your doom.

"In this sonnet I have sent you an approbation of your own life, whose character howsoever I have mist, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it; and, indeed, would fainer practise it. It may be, the all-wise GOD keeps us from that kind of life we would chuse in this world, lest we should be the unwillinger to part with it when HE calls us from it. I thank GOD that hath given me a great good-will to be gone whensoever he calleth; only I pray, with Ezekias*, that he will give me leave to set my poor house in such a moderate order, that the wicked world have not occasion altogether to say of me, 'There was a foolish courtier, that was in a fair way to make a great fortune, but that he would seek it, forsooth, by the desolate steps of ver-

* Hezekiah.

tue and fair dealing, and loving only such feckless * company;' as, GOD knoweth, I can neither love nor sooth any other, be they never so powerful; at least, their good must exceed their ill, or they must appear so to me. Yet do not think that I will repine if I get no part of this desire; but my utmost thought, when I have done all I should, is ever *fiat voluntas Domini!* And thus I commend my sonnet to you, and myself as

"Your constantly loving friend to command,

"RO. KERR.

"*Cambridge, where the court was the week past, about the making of the French match,* 16 *December*, 1624.

"A SONNET IN PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

"Sweet solitary life! lovely dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor thee annoy,
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second † mansion, Truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,

* Weak, powerless, profitless.

† "Because the next way the morning (Aurora) goeth from the lap of Thetis, is to those that dwell in the country; for, at court, and the great palaces of the world, they lye a-bed and miss it; and Truth getteth first welcome among those that be at leisure to consider of her excellency."

Where the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state! that never takes revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the griev'd truth of change;
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lyes dost hear;
Nor know'st Hope's sweet disease, that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought Experience * !"

I shall now recal my readers' attention to the preface of our author prefixed to his Catalogue of Books, printed in 1626, for the purpose of introducing some further notice of his *prose* compositions, of which the character has been variously and somewhat discordantly estimated. As a specimen of Latinity, this preface is not inelegantly written, and the subject, that of the utility of collecting books for public use, was such a favourite with him that he has again discussed it in English, recording, with high praise, and in an easy, pure, and impressive style, those who have contributed to the origin and growth of libraries. It has been "said of good princes," he eloquently remarks, "that all their names might be drawn within the gem of one ring; but, we hope, by time, a volume

* Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, apud Park, vol. v. p. 98.

may be composed of the names of such who, conspiring against barbarity and the roughness of the former age, have thought it no dishonour to make the muses beholden to their liberality, which, that others, who will follow their example, may know they have not offered to oblivion and ingratitude, we have been daring to register in the temple of memory; which can be no disadvantage to the living, and may serve to the dead for an unpolished epitaph, by which they shall not all die."

It is much to be regretted that he did not write his "History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland" in a style of equal simplicity and purity; but seized with an ardent desire of rivalling the manner of Livy and Tacitus, he has deviated so much from the idiom and customary construction of the English language, as to have given to his pages an air of great stiffness and affectation. In his "Irene," however, or a "Remonstrance for Concord, Amity, and Love, among his Majesty's Subjects," and which was composed about eight years afterwards, he has again fortunately trusted to his own unshackled powers of expression, and has shown himself a truly eloquent and persuasive advocate for peace and civil union.

At a period when, unhappily, moderation in politics was a thing unknown, Drummond embraced with enthusiastic zeal, and from motives as well of private moral obligation as of public duty, the cause of the unfortunate Charles; and though, as might be expected, from the crisis in which the kingdom was involved, and the side which he espoused, he has carried, in his History and in Irene, the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience greatly beyond constitutional limits, yet has he exhibited throughout both the most indubitable proofs of integrity, and not unfrequently of great political sagacity. It would appear, indeed, from the communication of a writer who has had access to his unpublished manuscripts, that he had been much trusted and employed by Charles in his uttermost distress; for he tells us, that among his papers he found "a *prima cura* of king Charles the First's last appeal to the people of England, with corrections and marginal notes, in the king's own hand-writing;" and adds in a note, that "this affecting paper was deposited in the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh *."

* The Bee, vol. ix. p. 46.

Turning, however, from any more minute consideration of our author's *prose* works, on which his permanent fame cannot be founded, I have now to resume his personal history, and to state, that shortly after the completion of his work on the James's, and in the year 1630, he married Elizabeth Logan, grand-daughter of sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, a lady into whose company he had fallen by accident, and who almost immediately interested his heart by the very strong resemblance which she bore to the long lamented object of his first affections. With this lady he immediately retired to his patrimonial mansion, over the entrance to which he placed, a few years afterwards, on having greatly improved its appearance, the following inscription:

Divino munere Gulielmus
Drummondus Johannis
Equitis aurati filius
ut honesto otio qui-
esceret sibi et succes-
soribus instauravit.
Anno 1638.

And here, in the bosom of his family, in the cultivation of his poetical talents, and in the improvement of his grounds, he found the chief, and, indeed, the sole sources of his happiness; for it was

not many years after his return to Hawthornden, before the flames of faction and rebellion burst forth, when bitter experience brought home to the bosom of every individual the melancholy conviction, that absolute retirement from the storm was the only ark of safety. The patriotism of Drummond, however, surmounted all selfish considerations, and he hesitated not to employ his pen frequently and zealously in behalf of the regal and ecclesiastical establishment of his country; a line of conduct which, subjecting him to the calumnious appellation of a malignant, he was not only greatly harassed by the revolutionary insurgents, and often summoned before their tribunals, but compelled to furnish his proportion of men and arms for the support of the very cause which he deprecated and abhorred *.

* "His estate," says the author of his Life in the folio edition, "lying in three different shires, he had not occasion to send one entire man, but halfs and quarters, and such like fractions; upon which he wrote *extempore* the following verses to his majesty:

Of all these forces raised against the king,
'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring
From divers parishes, yet divers men,
But all in halfs and quarters; great king, then,
In halfs and quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
In halfs and quarters send them back to me."

So strong, in fact, was his attachment to his royal master, that when the report of his execution on the scaffold reached him, he is said to have been so borne down with affliction that he lifted his head no more. He expired on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in his own aisle in the church of Laswade, in the immediate vicinity of Hawthornden. Of several children which he had by his marriage, two sons and a daughter survived him, and of these William, the eldest, was knighted by Charles the Second, and Elizabeth became the wife of a physician of the name of Henderson. It is here also worthy of record, that Dr. Abernethy Drummond, of the ancient family of Abernethy of Saltoun, who married the heiress-general of Hawthornden, and resided there for many years, had the good taste and feeling to inscribe some lines over Ben Jonson's seat in honour of the poet, and which conclude with an eulogy on solitude that may be said to speak the very soul and sentiment of the bard to whose memory they are dedicated.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great;
By these pure streams, or in thy waving shade,
I court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;

There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
I smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life I relish, and secure the next *.

There are few persons who, in moral worth and amiability of disposition have surpassed the poet of Hawthornden; nor, as a gentleman and a scholar, was he less distinguished for urbanity of manners and depth of erudition. He was skilled in the accomplishments of his age, a master of the Italian, French, and Spanish languages, and a lover and patron of the fine arts.

Of his poetical talents, the specimens which I have already quoted, and the strictures which have accompanied them, will enable the reader to form a highly favourable, and, in general, a pretty accurate judgment. Not that all his pieces, which are very numerous, exhibit an equal degree of simplicity, pathos, and purity of expression; for there are many, and especially amongst his madrigals, epigrams, and miscellanies, which are not only in themselves of a trifling nature, but discover an unfortunate partiality for the prettinesses and concetti of the Italian school; yet enough has been given to

* The Bee, vol. ix. p. 50.

show, that when the feelings of the poet were interested, he could pour forth the dictates of his heart in language true to nature, and adequate to the utterance of any subject, however weighty and exalted. Indeed, in that portion of his volume which is classed under the title of "Divine Poems," there may be found occasional passages which, for loftiness of thought and splendor of diction, would not be deemed unworthy of the mighty poet of Paradise Lost. Thus, for instance, in the fragment named "The Shadow of the Judgment," where the spirits of the just are represented as praying for the final advent of the Saviour, who but must admire the following lines, of which those in *italics* need no eulogium either from my pen or any other?

O come, still hoped for, come long wish'd for Lord!—
While thus they pray, the heavens in flames appear,
As if they show fire's elemental sphere;
The earth seems in the sun, the welkin gone;
Wonder all hushes; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
Than deaf'ning thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangor quakes;
Immured with flames, earth in a palsy shakes,
And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and must'reth into human shapes:
Hell bursts! and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd.

Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold, and with electre bright,
Ushering the way still where the judge should move,
In radiant rainbows vault the skies above;
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And beaming glory shows the King of Heaven.

It was scarcely to be expected, that amongst poems in general of so serious and plaintive a cast as are those of Drummond, there should be found one whose characteristic is that of the coarsest and often the most indelicate humour. Yet the "Polemo-Middinia," or the Dunghill Fight, a Macaronic poem, in which the Virgilian hexameter is mingled with broad Scotch, has been ascribed to our author by Bishop Gibson, who, when a young man, published this piece, together with "Christ's Kirk on the Green," at Oxford, in 1691, with some curious and valuable notes*. This ascription secured for it a place in the collection of the poet's works printed in 1711, but, there is some reason to conclude, without sufficient authority; for although

* Polemo-Middinia, Carmen Macronicum. Autore Gulielmo Drummondo, Scoto-Britanno. Accedit Jacobi, id nominis Quinti, Regis Scotorum, Cantilena Rustica, vulgo inscripta "Christ's Kirk on the Green." Recensuit, notisque illustravit E. G. Oxonii e Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom 1691, 4to.

Mr. Gilchrist, in a very interesting paper on the bishop's edition, has conjectured that this ludicrous trifle was written when Drummond was on a visit to his brother-in-law at Scotstarvet*; yet it has been acutely observed by Mr. Irving, after remarking on Gibson's failure in specifying his authority, and on the improbability of a production so indelicate proceeding from our poet's pen, that "the following verse seems to exhibit historical evidence of its being composed at a period subsequent to his death:

Barytonam emisit veluti *Monsmegga* cracasset.

Drummond," he observes, "died in the year 1649, but the huge mortar known by the name of *Mons Meg* had not then been brought into Scotland." He adds, "I remember to have heard the *Polemo-Middinia* adjudged in a decisive tone to Walter Dennistone. It ought, however, to have been recollected that this name is merely fictitious, and that the writer who assumed it was the celebrated Dr. Pitcairne.—That Dr. Pitcairne was the author of the *Polemo Middinia*," he continues, "I will

* Censura Literaria, vol. iii. p. 364.

not venture to assert; but the supposition, perhaps, is not totally devoid of probability. The initials of the names, William Drummond and Walter Dennistone, are the same in Latin as well as in English, and this circumstance, however trivial it may appear, might perhaps introduce the confusion which has ensued*."

The fate which has attended the poetry of Drummond, great as is its beauty, has not been such as to place him on the list of popular bards. In fact, only four editions of his poems have been printed during the lapse of two hundred and ten years, and one of these was accompanied by his collected prose works. It would appear, indeed, that this neglect was foreseen by the poet, for he tells us in one of his early sonnets—

> I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays,
> With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
> As idle sounds, of few or none are sought.

Yet have there been some, though few, who, in the course of this long period, have seen and done justice to his merits. Forty years after the impression of 1616, the earliest which is known,

* Lives of the Scottish Poets, vol. i. p. 407, 408.

Edward Philips, the nephew of Milton, printed a second edition with the following title:—"Poems by that most famous wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden." Lond. 1656, 8vo. To this edition he has given a preface, which, as he usually wrote under Milton's immediate observance, may be considered perhaps as expressing the opinions of that great poet; a supposition which cannot fail to render an extract from its pages of high value.

"To say that these poems," he remarks, "are the effects of a genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected (for it is well known that that country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits), yet it is not the highest that may be given him; for should I affirme that neither Tasso nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, nor even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute superiour to what he deserves; nor shall I thinke it any arrogance to maintain, that among all the several fancies that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgments, there hath not come forth any thing that deserves

to be welcomed into the world with greater estimation and applause: And though he hath not had the fortune to be so generally famed abroad as many others perhaps of lesse esteeme, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all diminish, but rather advance his credit; for by breaking forth of obscurity he will attract the higher admiration; and, like the sun emerging from a cloud, appeare at length with so much the more forcible rayes. Had there been nothing extant of him but his Historie of Scotland, consider but the language, how florid and ornate it is; consider the order and the prudent conduct of his story, and you will ranke him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himselfe. Neither is he lesse happy in his verse than prose; for here are all those graces met together that conduce any thing toward the making up of a compleat and perfect poet: a decent and becoming majesty; a brave and admirable height; and a wit so flowing, that Jove himselfe never dranke nectar that sparkled with more sprightly lustre."

Milton, there is reason to believe, had studied Drummond with deep attention. That he would applaud the structure and collocation of a great por-

tion of the language of his History of the Jameses, we may readily conclude from the texture of his own prose; and that he had a high relish for the many curious felicities of diction and metre with which the better part of his poetry abounds, there can be as little doubt. "If any poems," says a late learned critic, "possess a very high degree of that exquisite Doric delicacy which we so much admire in Comus, &c. those of Drummond do. Milton may often be traced in him; and he had certainly read and admired him. Drummond was the first who introduced into English that fine Italian vein; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps we should never have seen the delicacies of Comus, Lycidas, Il Penseroso, L'Allegro. Milton has happened to have justice done him by posterity; Drummond, alas! has not been so fortunate *."

Not indeed until very lately, and since this paragraph was written, have the poetical claims of Drummond attracted any general notice. In the seventeenth century, the admiration of Milton and the published *encomia* of his nephew were alike inefficacious; and so slow, it appears, was the sale

* Pinkerton's Ancient Scottish Poems, vol. i. p. cxxiii.

of the edition of 1656, that a new title, couched in the following eulogistic terms, was found necessary, in 1659, to accelerate its dispersion. "The most elegant and elaborate Poems of that great court-wit, Mr. William Drummond; whose labours, both in verse and prose, being heretofore so precious to prince Henry and to king Charles, shal live and flourish in all ages, whiles there are men to read them, or art and judgment to approve them."

The readers of Drummond, however, could not be numerous; for more than half a century was suffered to elapse after Phillips' edition, before the public demand warranted another impression. At length, in 1711, were published at Edinburgh, in folio, "The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden; consisting of those which were formerly printed and those which were designed for the Press. Now published from the Author's original Copies." To this edition, which is supposed to have been benefited by the assistance of the learned Ruddiman *, and which contains the entire works of Drummond, in prose as well as verse, is

* Vide Chalmers' Life of Ruddiman, p. 53.

prefixed the life of the author to which I have already referred; scanty it is true, and somewhat inconsistent in its details, but the sole source on which we can now depend for information.

With this folio impression, although it had latterly become scarce, the reading world was content for a period of eighty years; when, in 1791, the poetical portion of our author's works was re-committed to the press at London, and appeared in a duodecimo form. Little, however, can be said for the accuracy of this edition, which deviates frequently from what may be esteemed the most authentic copy of the poems, that of 1656, and in almost every instance for the worse.

It is somewhat extraordinary, indeed, that, setting aside the commendatory verses by *Johnston* *, *Spotswood* †, *Alexander* ‡, *Lauder*, *Phillips* §, *Mackenzie*, and *Crawford*, prefixed to the folio, the correct and tasteful eulogies of such recent writers as

* Dr. Arthur Johnston, physician to the king, and author of an exquisite piece of humour under the title of *Parerga*.

† Archbishop of St. Andrews.

‡ Earl of Sterling.

§ The nephew of Milton.

Warton, Pinkerton, Headley *, *Park*, and *Neve* †, should not in modern times have induced a better edition of our poet than the one just censured; especially when we recollect that the accomplished critic who closes this list has opened his *Short Account of the Life and Writings of Drummond* by remarking, that "among all the writers at the beginning of the last century (1600) who flourished after the death of Shakspeare, there is not one whom a general reader of the English poetry of that age will regard with so much and so deserved attention as WILLIAM DRUMMOND."

It remains only to express a hope that the many beautiful specimens which I have now given of the exquisite genius of this too much neglected bard may stimulate some person of competent talents to come forward with the view of doing justice to his merits by a correct and well-selected edition of his

* "It is in vain," says this amiable critic, "we lament the fate of many of our poets who have undeservedly fallen victims to a premature oblivion, when the finished productions of this man are little known, and still less read."—Edition by Kett, vol. i. p. xli.

† We may add to this list the name of lord Woodhouselee, who in his Life of Kames has given us some very judicious remarks on the genius and writings of our poet.

poems; in executing which there will be found abundant room for the display of taste, and judgment, and critical acumen.

I shall now, reverting to the scenery in the vicinity of Roslin, with which this essay opened, hasten to mention, though but in a cursory manner, another poet who in the order of time has conferred celebrity on the stream of the Northern Esk —I mean ALLAN RAMSAY, who, for many years during the latter part of his life, spent a great part of every summer at the seat of his friend, sir John Clerk, of Pennycuick, a mansion situated about five miles above Roslin, on the banks of the Esk; and from the romantic neighbourhood of this place, and especially from the grounds near Woodhouselee, embosomed as it were in an opening of the Pentland hills, he appears to have drawn much of the scenery of his beautiful pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd.* It would seem also that he had imbibed no little veneration for the poetic genii who had hallowed the groves of Hawthornden; for whilst he carried on the business of a bibliopolist at Edinburgh, at least in the latter part of his career, the heads of *Drummond* and *Ben Jonson* were seen exhibited on the front of his house, alike emblematic

of the literary accommodation within, and of the taste and talents of its provider. Nor have the banks of the Esk forgotten to repeat his name after those of the celebrated bards whom I have just mentioned. At Pennycuick, sir James Clerk, the son and successor of sir John, erected, almost immediately after Ramsay's death, a handsome obelisk of hewn stone to his memory, and placed on it the following inscription:

Alano Ramsay Poetæ egregio,
Qui fatis concessit VII. Jan. M.DCCLVIII.
Amico paterno et suo,
Monumentum inscribi jussit
D. Jacobus Clerk,
Anno M.DCCLIX.

Whilst at Woodhouselee, on a spot which commands an extensive view of the vale of the North Esk, a scene traversed and commemorated by the author of the Gentle Shepherd, Mr. Fraser Tytler has built a rustic seat with a marble tablet, thus consecrated to the fame of the poet.

Allano Ramsay,
et
Genio Loci,
Posuit A. F. T.

Here—midst those scenes that taught thy Doric muse
Her sweetest song, the hills, the woods, the streams,

Where beauteous Peggy stray'd, list'ning the while
Her *Gentle Shepherd*'s tender tale of love—
Scenes which thy pencil, true to nature, gave
To live for ever—sacred be this shrine,
And unprofaned by ruder hands the stone,
That owes its honours to thy deathless name.

Yet however delightful may be the literary associations of which the stream of the Esk has to boast, as dependent on the genius of former times, still greater fame, I may venture to affirm, will in future be connected with its course, when it shall be recollected that at *Auchendinny* and *Laswade*, villages on its banks, have resided two of the most celebrated men for taste and talent of which Scotland has reason to be proud. At the former of these places, which is situated about three miles above Roslin, resides, or did reside, HENRY MACKENZIE, esq., the Addison of his country, the well-known author of the *Man of Feeling*, of a great portion of the *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, and of various other productions, which for pathos and moral beauty, for chasteness of humour, purity of style, and delicacy of taste and thought, have seldom been exceeded.

Laswade has still higher pretensions; for this village, two miles below Hawthornden, could, five-

and-twenty years ago, reckon amongst its inhabitants Mr. now SIR WALTER SCOTT, a writer who, beyond all others of the present age, has excited by his numerous compositions the deepest interest and the most varied delight.

It was about a year or two preceding this period, I think in 1799, that he was visited at Laswade by his friend Dr. Stoddart. He had then just made his first appearance in the literary world by a translation of Goethe's Goetz of Berlichingen, and was preparing for the press his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* and the doctor, after noticing with due praise his poetical talents, adds, with a warmth of feeling which does honour to his heart, " I cannot believe but that a reader of taste would be delighted even with a slight copy of that domestic picture which I contemplated with so much pleasure during my short visit to my friend—a man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspiration; not in a churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies, as a husband, a father, and a friend. To such an inhabitant, the simple, unostentatious elegance of the *cottage* at

Laswade is well suited; and its image will never recur to my memory without a throng of those pleasing associations whose outline I have faintly sketched *."

Since this interesting delineation was given to the world in 1801, how splendid and how varied has been the literary career of the accomplished person whose modest virtues it pourtrays! As evidence which will fully substantiate the remark, let us for a moment consider, setting aside the numerous works which sir Walter has published during this period as an *antiquary*, a *critic*, an *editor*, and a *miscellaneous writer*, what has been the nature and extent of his productions in the department alone of imagination.

Having by his Border Minstrelsy, published in 1802, and by his notes to, and continuation of, *Sir Tristrem*, a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, which appeared in 1804, sufficiently proved how profoundly he was acquainted with, and how well he could imitate and rival, the ancient legendary and ballad strains of the Scottish Muse, he

* Remarks on Local Scenery and Manners in Scotland, during the Years 1799 and 1800, by John Stoddart, LL. B. Vol. i. p. 127.

presented to the public in 1805 his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a species of epic romance, whose originality of construction and felicity of execution were such as immediately to render it one of the most popular poems ever published. Thus encouraged, he produced in rapid succession, beside many minor poems which I need not here enumerate, his *Marmion*, *Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, and *Lord of the Isles*, metrical romances, each embracing six cantos, and the last appearing in 1814.

It may justly be said that these pieces, combining, as they do, the interest of the novel with the charm of a very varied rythmical harmony, are entitled to establish, both as to matter and form, an era in British poetry. With the exception of Rokeby, whose scene is on English ground, they paint the manners and costume of Scotland and her isles, at a period most favourable to poetic colouring, with singular truth and vigour. There is, indeed, a boldness, a strength and freedom in their style peculiarly accordant with the wild and chivalric tone of the characters and incidents which they describe. Occasionally, as might be expected from the names, habits, and manners of the personages who are necessarily introduced, there is a

coarseness, roughness, and apparent slovenliness in the diction and versification; but in general, with a spirit which is ever effervescent, and never tires, there runs throughout the structure of each poem a very predominating share of beauty and melody. Almost every form of lyric metre is exemplified in the composition of the stanzas, and never did verse exhibit, in a more perfect degree, its power of bringing material objects before the mind's eye; in fact, every picture lives and glows before you! If I were called upon, however, to give a preference among these productions, it should be, from the loftier cast of its imagery, and the thrilling awfulness of many of its conceptions, in favour of *Marmion;* and let me add, that in point of moral pathos, and scenery worthy of a Claude or Poussin, I know few if any poems superior to its epistolary introductions.

Brilliant, however, as was the reputation acquired by these *metrical* tales, it has since been surpassed by the unprecedented fame which has followed the publication of the *prose* romances of *probably* the same author. It was in the year 1814, the very year which witnessed the last of the *poetical* series of fictions by the Border Minstrel, that *Wa-*

verley made its appearance. This was immediately, and throughout nearly all the journals of the empire, ascribed to the pen of the Scottish bard; and as, during the unparalleled quick succession of pieces of a similar kind, and avowedly by the author of Waverley, which has followed even to the present day, no contradiction has been seriously or authoritatively given to an ascription now almost universal, we are fully warranted, I think, in considering them as the productions of sir Walter Scott.

The very nature, indeed, and construction of these celebrated works almost irresistibly led to this conclusion; for the same masterly powers of descriptive painting, the same cast and tone of character, the same minute attention to manners, customs, history, and tradition, the same love of the wild, the chivalric, and the awful, which so remarkably distinguished the poetical romances, are in an equal if not superior degree to be found in the Waverley novels. There is, in fact, a richness, depth, and truth in many of the very numerous characters with which these prose fictions abound, and especially in the historical ones, which need not fear competition from any writer, save the bard of Avon.

There is also discoverable in these compositions a profound intimacy with the workings of intense and agonizing feeling, instances of which, in relation to the passions of pity and terror, I could particularize as given with the most powerful effect, and more especially in *Waverley*, the *Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, and *Kenilworth*.

An objection, it is true, has been raised to the ascription of these interesting tales either to sir Walter Scott, or any other *individual* writer, from the apparent improbability that such a rapid succession of works of fancy could have issued from one and the same pen. And, indeed, when we recollect that, during the short space of twelve years which has elapsed between the first and last of these productions, we are called upon to believe that not less than twenty-two novels, occupying sixty-two volumes, have been the product of a single mind, it must be confessed that a fertility so extraordinary is sufficient to stagger our credulity.

Yet at the same time, when we compare these romances with each other, it is impossible not to perceive throughout the entire series such a similarity in style and manner, as well in conception as in execution, as compels us to acknowledge,

that if sir Walter has been assisted by his family or friends, it has only been in such a subordinate degree as has enabled him to finish every picture with so much of peculiarity of tone and colouring, with so much of correspondency and integrity of composition, as to impress upon each work, and upon the whole, the stamp of individuality.

It should not be forgotten, perhaps, as an auxiliary argument in support of the attribution of these works to sir Walter Scott, that with the exception of two small poems, Waterloo, and Halidon Hill, and Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, no original work has issued from his pen since the appearance of Waverley; and it will readily be granted, that if the similar productions which followed this romance be correctly assigned to him as their author, this apparent sterility, so unexpected from the rapidity with which he formerly brought forth his poetical fictions, will be easily accounted for; as assuredly during this period no man can have had more literary occupation than the anonymous fabricator of the Scottish novels *.

* To these pages, which were written nearly a twelvemonth ago, I now stop the press (March 5th, 1827) to add what has appeared in the public papers within these few days, and

which sets this long-agitated question as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels completely at rest. I quote from the St. James's Chronicle of Feb. 27th, 1827.

"At the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, held Saturday, the 24th of Feb. 1827, in the Assembly Rooms, sir Walter Scott in the chair,

"Lord Meadowbank begged to propose a health which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak of him in the terms which his heart prompted, and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the Great Unknown—the mighty magician—(*here the room literally rang with applauses, which were continued for some minutes*)—the minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stood revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel who recollected the enjoyment he had had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It has been left for him by his writings to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for this country by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced within its territory. He had opened up the peculiar beauties of his country to the eyes of foreigners. He had exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owed the freedom we now enjoyed. He would give the health of sir

Walter Scott." (*Which was drunk with the most enthusiastic cheering*).

"Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think, that, in coming there that day, he should have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of 'not proven.' He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (*Long and loud cheering*). He was afraid to think on what he had done. 'Look on't again I dare not.' He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. They would allow him further to say, with Prospero, 'Your breath it is that has filled my sails.'"

No. XII.

Ιατρικωτατος,—ὁσιος, δικαιος, ευσεβης, εις ακρον της παιδειας ελληλακως.

A physician of great skill;—a man of probity, piety, and profound erudition.

In retracing the events of the morning of our days, how truly grateful are those retrospections, though mingled, it may be, with some shades of tender regret, which are associated with the fate of our once youthful companions, of those who started with us, side by side, in the race of busy existence, and have either left this sublunary scene, or are descending with us into the vale of years!

More especially is such a retrospection delightful when connected, as in the subject of my present paper, with the fortunes of one who had not only in early life been dear to us from similarity of taste and scientific pursuits, but who, both in a professional and literary point of view, is still prosecuting a carcer of no common utility and splendour.

The education of medical men, indeed, when conducted, as should ever be the case, upon a broad

and liberal basis, not only leads to a vast range of collateral science, but is necessarily founded on an intimacy with the language and the literature of Greece and Rome. Hence many of the first physicians in all ages have been distinguished, as well for their love and pursuit of elegant studies, as of those more immediately connected with the practice of the healing art. On the continent, amid a host to which we might point with pride and pleasure, it will suffice to mention the venerated, I might say, indeed, the beloved names of *Fracastorius*, *Haller*, and *Zimmerman*, men alike dear to the student of nature and the disciple of the muses. Nor do we want in our own island many, both in the past and present times, who have traced, with equal energy and success, this twofold path to fame. But a few years have gone by since we lost, and in the vigour of his days, our lamented *Leyden*, a physician distinguished among his contemporaries not more for his enthusiastic love of science than for the beauty of his poetry, and the almost unrivalled extent of his philological attainments.

Like Leyden, the friend to whom these few pages are devoted, early acquired a justly earned character for deep and multifarious erudition; but, more

fortunate than Leyden in length of days, he has now added to these acquisitions a great, and I may venture to say, a permanent reputation as a medical writer and philosopher.

* JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.L., &c. &c., was born at Epping in Essex, on the 25th of May, 1764. He is descended from a family of great respectability and antiquity at Romsey near Southampton, whither his father, a dissenting minister of exemplary character and considerable literary attainments, immediately removed on the death of his elder brother, and whilst the subject of my brief memoir was yet an infant. Here, under the most able parental tuition, his father having married Miss Peyto, the favourite niece of that excellent man, *John Mason*, A. M., the author of the well known treatise on "Self-Knowledge," he enjoyed a very liberal and comprehensive initiation into the walks of literature and science.

Dr. Good commenced the exercise of his profession, I believe, as a general practitioner, at Sudbury in Suffolk, where he married his present lady, one

* It may be necessary to state that a portion of this paper was communicated anonymously by me to Time's Telescope for 1825.

of the daughters of the late Thomas Fenn, esq., a banker of that place, and a gentleman highly esteemed for his charity, urbanity, and uniform benevolence of heart. It was here that, in the year 1791, I first became acquainted with him; and there were few days during the subsequent twelve months that we did not meet. Sudbury, however, was a field too confined to afford sufficient scope for his talents, and happily he was induced, in the spring of the year 1793, to exchange it for the metropolis, where he has gradually risen into that celebrity, both as a scholar of uncommon powers and as a medical writer of the first class, to which I have just alluded.

It will be a pleasing occupation to myself, and one perhaps not unproductive of interest and information to many, should I attempt in this place to give, in as condensed a form as may be compatible with the wish of awakening curiosity on the subject, a rapid sketch of the principal works which my learned friend has hitherto produced; dwelling in some degree, though necessarily in a brief manner, on those, as best suited to a work like the present, which are more immediately addressed to the business and the bosoms of the general reader.

With a critical knowledge of classical literature, Dr. Good had early in life combined the study of the oriental languages; and, in 1803, he published the first fruits of his philological acquisitions under the title of "SONG OF SONGS, or Sacred Idyls; translated from the original Hebrew, with Notes critical and explanatory," 8vo. This version, which offers a new arrangement, being broken into short pastorals, each pastoral finishing where the subject seems naturally to close, is beautifully executed under the double form of prose and poetry. "Thus divided," observes the translator, "into a multitude of little detached poems, I trust that many of the obscurities which have hitherto overshadowed this unrivalled relique of the eastern pastoral have vanished completely, and that the ancient Hebrews will be found to possess a poet who, independently of the sublimity of any concealed and allegorical meaning, may rival the best productions of Theocritus, Bion, or Virgil, as to the literal beauties with which every verse overflows*."

Copious notes, exhibiting a large share of taste and erudition, are appended to the text; and of the

* Preface, pp. 5, 6.

metrical version, which is in a high degree spirited and elegant, I feel much pleasure in selecting a specimen from the description of Spring, which forms the subject of the third idyl, than which a more lovely picture of the loveliest of all seasons was never presented to our admiration. The royal bride is represented as speaking:

'Twas my beloved's voice.—With rapture new,
Light as a hart, o'er heights and hills he flew.
Lo! nigh my window, nigh its trellis'd frame,
Close to my door, at day's first dawn he came.
"Arise, my love!" 'twas thus I heard him say,
"Arise, my love! my fair one, come away!
Gone is the winter, and the rains are o'er,
And the fresh fields their yearly blossoms pour:
The birds their songs resume; through every grove
The glossy turtle wakes his voice of love;
Her figs the fig-tree sweetens, o'er the vine,
Fragrant and fresh, the lucid clusters shine,—
Woods, hills, and valleys, all their charms display:
Arise, my love! my fair one, come away!"—

I am my love's, and my beloved mine:
The sweets of lilies on his lips combine;
Till breathe the morning, and the shadows fly,
Blest in my beating bosom shall he lie.
Return, return! let eve thy love bestow!
Haste as, o'er Bether's hill, the bounding roe!

The same year which had witnessed this version

from the Hebrew, produced our author's "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Alexander Geddes, L.L.D.*" 8vo; a work which, while it interests as a highly pleasing and impartially written account of a very profound theologian, and truly original, though somewhat eccentric character, impresses us, at the same time, with a full conviction of the writer's sufficiency for the task which he had undertaken as a biblical critic and scholar.

Two years after the publication of these memoirs, Dr. Good sent to the press his very valuable translation of Lucretius, the most elaborate of all his works in the provinces of philology, poetry, and criticism. It is entitled "THE NATURE OF THINGS, *a Didactic Poem*, translated from the Latin of *Titus Lucretius Carus*, accompanied with the original Text and illustrated with various Prolegomena, and a large body of Notes, Philological and Physiological," two volumes 4to. This translation is in blank verse, and in numerous instances, where the original rises into fervour and inspiration, does great credit to Dr. Good's powers of poetical expression. But it is scarcely possible to convey to the reader, without his actual inspection, an adequate idea of the vast body of illustration, critical and philoso-

phical, which is included in the notes. Almost every polished language, Asiatic as well as European, is laid under contribution; and the versions which uniformly accompany the numerous parallelisms and quotations are, for the most part, executed in a masterly style.

For a copious critique on this elaborate translation of Lucretius, and for numerous specimens of its execution, I must beg leave to refer to the first and second numbers of my "Literary Hours." There is one passage, however, and one of surpassing beauty too, not quoted in that critique, and which, as descriptive of the seasons, and especially of the season of *Spring*, I cannot avoid the temptation of inserting in a work professing to be written during the influence of the vernal breezes,

——— cum tempestas arridet, et anni
Tempora conspergunt viridantes floribus herbas;

it is a picture, likewise, to which justice has been done in transferring it to our language:

It Ver, et Venus; et Veris prænuncius, ante
Pennatus graditur Zephyrus, vestigia propter
Flora quibus mater præspargens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis, et odoribus, oblet:
Inde loci sequitur Calor aridus, et comes unà
Polverulenta Ceres, et Etesia flabra Aquilonum.

Inde Auctumnus adit, graditur simul Euius Euan:
Inde aliæ Tempestates, Venteique, sequuntur:
Altitonans Volturnus, et Auster fulmine pollens.
Tandem Bruma niveis adfert, pigrumque rigorem
Reddit; Hyems sequitur, crepitans ac dentibus Algu.

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SPRING comes, and VENUS; and, with foot advanced,
The light-wing'd Zephyr, harbinger beloved,
Maternal FLORA strewing, ere she treads,
O'er every footstep blooms of choicest hue,
And the glad ETHER loading with perfumes.
Then HEAT succeeds, the parch'd ETESIAN breeze,
And dust-discolour'd CERES; AUTUMN then
Follows, and tipsy BACCHUS, arm in arm,
And STORMS and TEMPESTS; EURUS roars amain,
And the red SOUTH brews thunders; till, at length,
COLD shuts the scene, and WINTER'S train prevails,
SNOWS, hoary SLEET, and FROST with chattering teeth.

"The whole of this exquisite delineation of the progress of the seasons is," remarks the translator, "inimitable. Almost every idea is personified, and every syllable alive; the order is most exact, and the characters true to themselves. There are few descriptions either in ancient or modern poetry that can dare a comparison with it *."

It must be allowed, however, that the opening group in this animated picture, so delightfully im-

* Lucretius, vol. ii. p. 326.

personating *Spring* and her attendants, is, in fulness and richness of colouring, superior to those which follow; and it has accordingly excited amongst the noblest of the minstrel tribe a spirit of rivalry and competition. Dr. Good, however, having contented himself, in this instance, with a parallel passage from an eastern poet, I shall venture to subjoin two or three corresponding sketches, which, though indebted to Lucretius, may yet be considered as amongst the most exquisite fruits of genius. Horace, describing the approach of Spring, and recommending the enjoyment of its pleasures, forgets not to inform us that at this season

> —— Cytherea choras ducit Venus,
> Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
> Alterno terram quatiunt pede.—Lib. i. Od. 4.
>
> Blithe *Venus* leads her sportive choir;
> Her *Graces* and gay *Nymphs* unite,
> Weave the light dance, or wake the lyre.
>
> BOSCAWEN.

And Milton, with the recollection of both poets fresh on his memory, has given us a delineation of the same period of the year, finished in a style of consummate beauty:

> The birds their quire apply: *airs, vernal airs*,
> Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

> The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,
> Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance,
> Led on th' eternal Spring.—PARADISE LOST, iv. 264.

Nor has Gray, in the opening of his delicious ode on Spring, neglected to approach the same bright fountains of inspiration; nor has he failed, like his great predecessors, to give to his design those masterly touches which individualize and appropriate the whole:

> Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd *Hours*,
> Fair *Venus'* train, appear,
> Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
> And wake the purple year;
> The Attic warbler pours her throat,
> Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
> The untaught harmony of Spring:
> While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
> Cool *Zephyrs* through the clear blue sky
> Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Very shortly after the publication of his Lucretius, Dr. Good again turned his attention to Biblical literature; and, in the year 1812, the public was gratified by his version of "THE BOOK OF JOB, literally translated from the original Hebrew, and restored to its natural arrangement: with Notes critical and illustrative, and an Introductory Disserta-

tion on its scene, scope, language, author, and era," 8vo; a production which materially augmented its author's fame as a student of oriental literature. The dissertation includes much that is calculated to excite the deepest and most earnest attention; and of the translation, which is in numerous parts decidedly an improvement on the common version, I shall enable my readers to judge, by selecting nearly the whole of the thirty-seventh chapter, in which the Deity is represented as creating, upholding, and regulating the seasons.

Hear! O hear ye the clangour of his voice,
And the peal that issueth from his mouth!
Under the whole heavens is his flash;
And his lightning unto the ends of the earth.
After it pealeth the voice;
He thundereth with the voice of his majesty!

Great things doeth he, surpassing knowledge:
Behold! he saith to the snow—BE!
On earth then falleth it:
To the rain, and it falleth—
The rains of his might.
Upon the labour of every man he putteth a seal:
Even the brute kind go into covert,
And abide in their dwellings.

From the utmost zone issueth the whirlwind:
And from the arctic chambers, cold.

By the blast of God the frost congealeth,
And the expanse of the waters, into a mirror.

He also loadeth the cloudy woof with redundance;
His effulgence disperseth the gloom.
Thus revolveth he the *Seasons* in his wisdom,
That they may accomplish whatsoever he commandeth them,
Over the face of the world of earth.
Constantly in succession, whether for judgment
Or for mercy, he causeth it to take place.

Hearken to this, O Job! be still,
And contemplate the wondrous works of God.
Dost thou know how God ordereth these things?
How the light giveth refulgence to his vapour?
Dost thou know of the balancings of the clouds?
Wonders—perfections of wisdom!

Teach us how we may address him,
When arrayed in robes of darkness;
Or, if brightness be about him, how I may commune;
For, should a man then speak, he would be consumed!
Even now we cannot look at the light
When it is resplendent in the heavens,
And a wind from the north hath passed along and cleared them.
Splendour itself is with God!
Insufferable majesty!
Almighty!—we cannot comprehend him!—
Surpassing in power and in judgment!

The notes, which are upon a very extensive scale throughout the whole of the work, are on this chap-

ter, as indeed on every other, full of interest. One in particular, as including an admirable translation by the doctor from the noblest ode which Klopstock ever wrote, his *Die Fruhlingsfeyer*, or *The Vernal Ecstasy*, I must be allowed in part to quote. The poet is describing the progress of a thunder-storm in Spring:

Seht ihr den zeugen des Nahen den zückenden strahl? &c. &c.

See ye the signals of his march?—the flash
Wide-streaming round? The thunder of his voice
Hear ye?—JEHOVAH'S thunder?—the dread peal
Hear ye, that rends the concave?
Lord! God supreme!
Compassionate and kind!
Prais'd be thy glorious name!
Prais'd and ador'd!

How sweeps the whirlwind!—leader of the storm!
How screams discordant! and with headlong waves
Lashes the forest!—All is now repose.
Slow sail the dark clouds—slow.

Again new signals press:—enkindled, broad,
See ye the lightnings?—hear ye, from the clouds,
The thunders of the LORD?—JEHOVAH calls;
JEHOVAH!—and the smitten forest smokes.
But not our cot.—
Our heavenly Father bade
Th' o'erwhelming power
Pass o'er our cot, and spare it.

"The solemn and fearful beauties of this passage," observes the doctor, "are too numerous to be pointed out; they run, however, through the whole poem: but the simplicity, sublimity, nice feeling, and abrupt turn of the last stanza, beggar all description *."

If we now turn from the fields of literature to those of science, we shall find Dr. Good a no less ardent and successful cultivator. He had at no time suffered his attachment to philological pursuits to interfere with his professional zeal and duties; and as a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that between the years 1795 and 1812, he had produced, independently of a voluminous compilation on general science †, not less than *seven* distinct works in

* Pages 426 and 427.

† PANTALOGIA, or Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Words, in conjunction with Dr. Olinthus Gregory and Mr. Newton Bosworth, 12 vols. royal 8vo.

Dr. Good published also a "SKETCH of the REVOLUTION in 1668, with Observations on the Events that occurred," of which a second edition, enlarged and illustrated, appeared in 1792. He brought forward likewise, in 1812, a new edition of "Mason's Treatise on SELF-KNOWLEDGE: Revised and corrected from the earlier and more perfect editions, with a prefixed Life of the Author, and a Translation of such Passages in the Notes as have hitherto been only given in their original tongues." 12mo.

relation to the history, theory, and practice of medicine. It is, however, to the year 1817 that I would point as the era which placed Dr. Good amongst the ranks of those who will reach a distant posterity as guides and instructors in the healing art. In this year appeared his "PHYSIOLOGICAL SYSTEM OF NOSOLOGY, with a corrected and simplified Nomenclature;" and dedicated, by permission, to the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians in London. Of this undertaking, in which the diseases of the animal functions are arranged in classes derived from a physiological view of these functions, it may justly be said, that more full and comprehensive in its plan than any previous system of nosology, more intelligible in its classification, and more classical and correct in its language, it bids fair to supersede every attempt which has hitherto been made in the difficult provinces of medical technology and systematic arrangement.

Elaborate, however, and arduous as this attempt might be deemed, it was but the precursor of one still more important and extensive; for, in the year 1822, Dr. Good presented us with "THE STUDY OF MEDICINE," in four large volumes octavo; a

work of which the chief object has been to unite under one general system, and in conformity to the arrangement he had already given in his Nosology, the various branches of medical science, so that, being contemplated and studied under one point of view, they might throw on each other a mutual and steady light. Physiology, therefore, pathology, nosology, and therapeutics, which, when considered in detail, have almost invariably been treated apart, are here blended into one harmonious whole, and their junction has, in this instance, formed, beyond all comparison, the most complete and luminous outline of the science of medicine which has yet been published. It is a work, in fact, which, from the elegance of its composition, the wide range and intellectual cast of its illustrations, and the vast fund of its practical information, will be alike valued by the man of letters, the philosopher, and the medical practitioner.

That its success with the public has been commensurate to the labour, skill, and erudition bestowed upon its construction, may be presumed from the circumstance, that within three years, notwithstanding the size and consequent expense of the volumes, a *second edition* has been called for; a de-

mand which has enabled the author to introduce, with his usual industry and research, many valuable additions, and every thing, indeed, which in that short period the cultivators of the science had contributed to its extension and improvement.

The last, and in the universality of the interest which it awakens, the most fascinating work which Dr. Good has produced in the walks of science, made its appearance as recently as the spring of the present year (1826), and under the title of "THE BOOK OF NATURE." The design, which embraces the entire scope of natural and moral philosophy, includes within its pale, and in three series or volumes, the *Nature of the Material World*, the *Nature of the Animate World*, and the *Nature of the Mind.*

I know no production of the kind better calculated than this, from the beauty of its style, from the extent and correctness of its information, and from the piety and devotional fervor which breathe throughout its pages, to be placed as a manual in the possession of every ingenuous youth; it may, in fact, be considered, in all its bearings and tendencies, as a noble hymn to the Supreme Being. Nor, though professedly popular in its construction,

being originally drawn up for, and delivered as lectures to, the members of the late Surrey Institution, is it wanting in new, and, in several instances, very ingenious, and even profound views and hypotheses; and I wish especially to particularize as such the lectures on the *Principle of Life and Irritability*, on *Instinct*, *Sensation*, and *Intelligence*, on *Sleep*, *Dreaming*, and *Reverie*, and on the *Origin, Connexion, and Character of the Passions.*

January 5th, 1827.—It is now my painful task to record, that ere the preceding sketch of the life and writings of Dr. Good could be subjected to the press, this amiable and accomplished scholar and physician was, to the inexpressible grief of his family and friends, suddenly summoned from this mortal scene. He was taken ill in his carriage when on his road to spend the season of Christmas at his daughter's house at Shepperton in Middlesex, and, after a severe struggle of nine days, which was borne with the utmost fortitude and resignation, he expired on the first day of the present year.

No man was, I firmly believe, from the uniform piety and devotional habits of his life, better prepared for the change which has taken place than Dr. Good; and it is a high additional source of

consolation to his friends to reflect, that few in their writings have left behind them what is more directly calculated to serve the best interests of mankind, both here and hereafter; a result which will assuredly meet its full reward in those mansions of the blessed, whither the immortal part of our beloved friend has winged its way.

May I be allowed, before I close this paper, to express my further sense of that remarkable union of learning, philosophy, and religion, which formed so prominent a feature in the character of Dr. Good, by endeavouring to enforce it, as a model for imitation to others, in the following little poem, which, were it worthy of the virtues it attempts to record, would be indeed a gem of incalculable value.

SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D. &c. &c.

Ah, friend belov'd! o'er whom, in life's young day,
Each classic muse her choicest influence shed,
Opening the path where lynx-ey'd Science spread
Her healing stores, and pour'd her living ray,
Whilst meek Religion, bright'ning all thy way,
So blended with thine art, that from the bed
Thy tendance cheer'd, Faith smiling rais'd her head!
Applause from me thou need'st not—I but pray,

That those who knew thee best may yet sustain
And follow thy example, prompt to reach
Aid not alone from human effort given,
But, pointing to that better world where pain
And sorrow cease, may ope, like thee, to each,
The Book of Nature and the Will of Heaven!

END OF VOL. I.

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